CARRY ON! WITH A "JOHN BULL" PEN (See Coupon page ii.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 595. | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

1274208

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King

The Proprietors of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

beg to inform the public that in spite of the greatly increased prices of fresh milk from 1st October, they have decided to make *no increase in trade prices* so long as the cost of stocks on hand and in course of production permit them to maintain the present ones, *which have not been altered since 30th June.*

As it is a condition of sale to the retail trade that the standard price shall be adhered to for cash sales over the counter, Nestlé's Milk should be obtainable from your usual supplier, even if the quantity available is slightly reduced, at the cash price of

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Supplies will be withheld where any other price is asked for a *cash* sale.

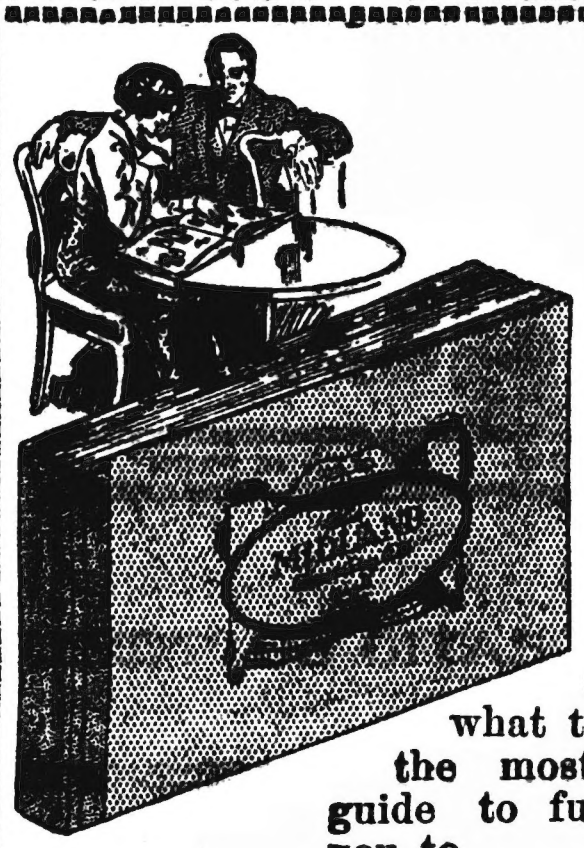
Beware of unknown brands at higher prices or of inferior quality, for Nestlé's Milk is still THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Nestlé's, 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.3

DON'T WORRY ABOUT RUSSIA

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



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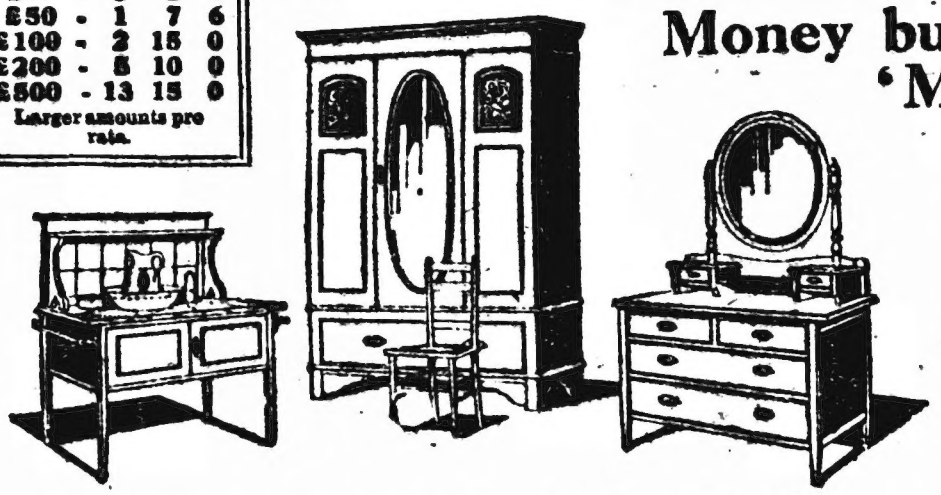

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Pure Virginia Tobacco

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relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash. Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

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TRUE BRITISH

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache or beard (discovered by a well-known member of the Paris Faculty). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going grey hair.

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WEATHERPROOF — WEARPROOF — WATERPROOF

Combines 4 oz. Pouch, Pocket for Pipe and Matchbox, and Pocket for packet cigarettes, cards, notes, etc. Besides being **weatherproof, wearproof** and **waterproof,** it is **airproof** and **mudproof.** Economises space, serviceable and sensible, yet a mere featherweight. Cannot perish like rubber. Easily washed, scrubbed, boiled, or sterilised. Also **6 oz. "Service" Pouch, 2/-; Cigarette Case** (holds 38), no hinges, clips or fasteners, 4/-. **Remember our Guarantee.**—If goods are faulty or not as advertised, return unused within 3 days and get your cash back. "John Bull" stands behind our guarantee. Send "him" one to-day. *Price List Free.*

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ELECTRIC LAMPS
will save you a lot of money, while giving you a lot of light
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Autumn Holidays at Norbfeck are appreciated by roughly 2,000 guests during September and October. These guests are unanimous in their opinion of the Hydro. It's the ideal place for rest or recreation. The following are a few of the many Hydro attractions:—Tennis, Bowling, Croquet, Golf, Whist Drives, Concerts, Dances, Cinematograph entertainments, Billiards. The Hydro has 350 Bedrooms, half a mile of sea-shore in its own grounds; Dining Hall to seat 500 at small tables. The Hydro Journal, with tariff, will be sent free on application to—

J. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, Near Blackpool.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

WHY NOT MAKE THAT DREAM OF A LITTLE HOME COME TRUE?

SAVE a little week by week. A little money invested regularly grows in a surprising way. It is no trouble to save once you begin. It is very fascinating to see how your savings increase. It means so much in the future. Why not start now? There is no time like the present. There are no "rainy days" for those who have their money invested in safe securities. War Savings Certificates are easy to buy and a splendid way to make your money grow. If you have £5 or more in the Bank buy National War Bonds. Both securities are absolutely safe and both pay a very high rate of interest. You can buy them at any Post Office or Bank or your Local War Savings Committee will give you full particulars and advice.

Issued by THE NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE, SALISBURY SQ., LONDON, E.C.4.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 595. Week ending Saturday, October 27th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"B. L.":
There is a very general discontent with Mr. Bonar Law's "leadership" of the House. As a parliamentarian, after Asquith, he is small beer.

Lord Bertie.
And when is *this* dismal failure to be recalled from Paris? His removal would be a distinct gain to the Allies.

An Expensive Broom.
So the Labour Party is going to make a "clean sweep" of the constituencies at the next election. It will require a very expensive broom. Meanwhile, the constituencies have made dirty sweeps of *some* Labour M.P.s.

Preaching to the Converted.
We were offered a platform seat at the Albert Hall War Savings meeting, addressed by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law; and should probably have gone had we not discovered that admission was confined to people *with* War Savings Certificates!

Caught Napping.
We must congratulate the City Fathers on their smart move when they conferred the "Freedom" upon the Prime Minister, part of the ceremony being a declaration by him that he will always maintain the franchises and privileges of the Corporation. They must have seen the Electoral Reform Bill coming!

"De—el."
That is how they pronounce the name of Sir Henry Dalziel, who has just received the Freedom of the ancient city of Kirkcaldy—which he has represented in Parliament for twenty-five years—and who was correctly described as one of the most "skilful parliamentarians" of the day. By the way, Sir Henry takes the chair when we address the Aldwych Club at lunch. We are told there is to be a record attendance.

The New Judges.
We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing Messrs. Salter and Roche at work. But doubtless we shall be before them ere long! Mr. Salter had a vitriolic wit. We remember that, in a speech on the Second Reading of the Licensing Bill, he told the Government that the old bandits "*did* give their victims the choice of their money *or* their lives," adding—"In dealing with the publican in this Bill, you take both."

The New Common Serjeant.
No better appointment than that of Mr. Dickens, K.C., could have been made. He ought to have been on the Bench years ago.

Buck Up, Beatty!
We do not like the North Sea business at all. No wonder there is a food shortage, when twelve merchant ships are sent out without proper convoys! *Whose fault is it?* Speak up, Beatty—or Buck up.

The Air Raids.
And who the devil *is* responsible for our air defences? How Pemberton Billing must laugh! Hadn't we better make the headquarters of the new Air Ministry at Calais and put a Frenchman in charge?

Birrell, the Buffoon.
So this silly old man is to go at last. What a clown he was! We remember his speech in the House when introducing the first of that doleful series of Education Bills. After an autobiographical account of his evolution from private member to Minister, he said that he had meditated on his Bill for hours in the seclusion of Battersea Park! And he told the Irish Rebellion Commission that he thought things were better because of the improved tone of Irish poetry!

More "Yapping."
Thus Sir Arthur Yapp, of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Ministry of Food: "There was a world shortage of food and tonnage—*but he supposed there was plenty of food in the world*, if it were possible to bring it over." Needless to say that this, his first London pronouncement, was at a Temperance meeting. His previous one was at Exeter, as "Bishop's Messenger"! Oh, dear!

"Public Opinion."
In deference to public opinion, the Liquor Control Board has decided to permit the sale of beer at Carlisle on Sundays, where they have been trying the experiment of total closing for the past year. But no spirits may be consumed—except, of course, at home, where you may get as drunk as you like. It amuses the kids!

Winter Racing.
What is all this jiggery-pokery about winter steeplechasing—the most exhiliarating sport in the world? Does the Government want another demonstration of "public opinion" in *this* case? By the way, the Chief Constable of Brighton tells us that at neither of the recent big open race meetings there, was there a single charge of any kind.

The moonlight nights are here. Protect yourself by signing our Free Air Raid Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Huns and Guards.

In Hampshire is a camp for interned enemies. In the next meadow is an enormous hay depôt, under Government, the hay being scientifically stacked by a large body of trained workers. We should like the Huns shifted from the adjoining meadow. In Essex there are Hun labourers. In one town some of the "prisoners" go shopping with a guard. One of the prisoners went into a shop and asked, "Have you seen my guard? I've lost him!"

Hard Cheese!

Charged at the Sheerness Police Court with "selling food unfit for human consumption," James Howard, of Hope Street, Mile Town, explained to the Magistrates that the maggoty abomination offered for sale was, in fact, "Government cheese." In a letter to us, Mr. Howard now states that since the supply has been in the hands of the Food Controller, he has had 30 lbs. of cheese "condemned by the Inspector, and no redress." What's wrong, Rhondda?

"Admission Sixpence."

Wearing three war medals—Crimean, Turkish and Indian Mutiny—a veteran of many battles recently visited Edinburgh Castle for the first time for many years. "I had to pay sixpence to enter, and the same to get into Holyrood Palace. An Australian soldier with me got in free and no questions asked," says the old man with jealous indignation. Probably it is a question of being in H. M. uniform or out of it. Those medals, however, ought to be worth at least sixpence of anybody's money.

More About Milk.

Here we are again: "I wish you would look into the profiteering of the milkmen. They are making their fortune out of the public, and all the blame is put on the farmer, and it is not the farmer who is getting the money. I know a milkman who——" So do we, but he offers to make a solemn affidavit that he is living on his losses. The middleman and the farmer say the same, while the cow keeps silence and Lord Rhondda winks the other eye. The only people who are making fortunes out of milk are those who have to buy it.

The Conway Poach.

As a member of the Conway Fishery Board, Major Priddle sets a bad example. Here is a dialogue from a meeting of the Conservators:—Major Priddle: "Have you caught anybody fishing without a licence?" River Watchman: "No one but yourself, sir." Major Priddle: "When?" "The beginning of last March." Major Priddle: "Oh, yes, I remember; I had not time to go to town." Mr. Isgoed Jones: "We will excuse Major Priddle this time. He will probably take more care in future." Which is all very well in its way. But would the Major have been so lightly let off if he had been plain Jack Robinson?

Anonymous Offenders.

Apparently Detective Sergeant Bunney, of the Stoke-on-Trent Police Force, is excessively fond of jam—as are Mrs. Beatrice Phillimore, wife of the Clerk to the Hanley Magistrates, and Mrs. Ann Jackson, spouse of a Member of the Stoke-on-Trent Board of Guardians. At any rate, these three individuals were lately fined 30s. apiece at the Hanley Police Court for technically exceeding the limits of veracity in their application for the sugar to make jam with. This is the nicest way of putting it we can find, and, of course, we are anxious to be as pleasant as possible to people who are so important that they can manage to get their names left out of the local newspapers when they are in trouble with the police.

"Waste Not, Want Not."

The Shipping Controller should visit Fowey, in Cornwall. There he would find a 3,000 ton steamer, and eight sailing craft, all belonging to Denmark, lying up in a snug backwater, where they have been for nearly twelve months. It is time these vessels were commandeered. The sailing ships could carry coal to France, thus releasing larger steam tonnage to bring us food.

A Ranting Recorder.

With brief intervals of comparative calm, pandemonium still reigns at the Derry Recorder's Court, with His Honour Judge Todd as Lord of Misrule. In the almost daily "breezes," which frequently assume the dimensions of fair-sized tempest, His Honour is, as often as not, the aggressor, there being apparently a perpetual feud between the Bench and a section of the Bar. It is high time that official notice was taken of a state of affairs which is incompatible with the due administration of justice.

A Butter Dump.

Anybody short of butter will read with envy that at Digbeth, Birmingham, is a room, fifty yards long and twenty yards wide, packed cram-jam-bang-full of that oleaginous commodity. Should you ask why it is stored there, you may learn that the Government has commandeered it. Perhaps it has been forgotten, perhaps it may go bad, but you, while you munch a hunk of dry bread, will be delighted to know one spot where butter really is, though you may touch it not.

Huns in S. Africa.

In South Africa they try to beat us in kindness to Hun prisoners; it is a hard task, but they succeed. At Fort Napier Germans and Austrians rioted and smashed up the internment camp, so their "grievances are to be removed." They are permitted private conversations with lady visitors, are to be allowed leave on parole, on Government farms, and the canteen is to be run in the interest of the prisoners, who are to be on an equality with their guards in making purchases. Also, a swimming bath is to be built for them. If this is for sanitary reasons, one does not mind much.

An Unkind Application.

It was not kind of the Cowpen Coal Co., Ltd., Blyth, to apply to the Magistrates for Ejectment Orders against two old men, one of whom had lived on the colliery estate all his life, and the other all his working days. Both men had served the Company well in their time, and they were surely entitled in their helpless old age to something better than a Magistrates' Order, breaking up their homes, and disturbing the even tenor of their declining days. However, we notice that in one case the proceedings were adjourned. Let us hope that the Company may yet repent of their harsh intentions.

The Courting Boy.

Mr. Pallot, farmer, Mount Pellier, Jersey, has eight sons. One enlisted; he is a C3 man, and not serving. The others are "on farms"; three are married and "are not keeping the cradle empty." So the farmer says he is doing his bit; also, he has "given several tons of potatoes to the Government"—being well paid for them, he was told. This Mr. Pallot secured exemption till next year, renewable, for a son at home, 22, A. It was suggested he should have released that son, but he urged that the lad "has been courting a young woman a long time." Mr. Pallot seems lucky to retain his son for such a reason, but just fancy what would happen if all the boys secured exemption for courting purposes! Our word!

Haven't heard for a long while now! but then—he may not have got that "John Bull" Pen.
See Coupon page 15.

A Conscientious Objection.

Who and what is Mr. J. St. George Heath, of Poplar? We are told that Mr. J. St. G. Heath is a Conscientious Objectionable, holding a snug position at the Ministry of Labour, sitting on several public bodies in Poplar, and anxious to figure in the public eye as a friend of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors. On the whole, Poplar conscientiously objects to Mr. J. St. G. Heath, and, on the whole, we agree with Poplar.

Nice for Somebody.

A shining instance of how the law looks after itself and its friends is offered by the figures concerning a Deed of Arrangement with his creditors by a Brighton debtor. The estate realised £434. The costs of realisation, etc., amounted to £330, £29 went in other ways, and £74 was left to be divided among the creditors, who received a first and final dividend of 7d. in the pound. And the affair, bear in mind, was not a bankruptcy, but a simple Deed of Arrangement.

A Serious Offence.

The offence was "carrying a camera without a permit." According to the Chairman of the Howden (Yorks) Petty Sessions, it was "a serious offence" involving the unlawful photographing of "important strategic works." The name of the serious offender was Shultz. It is not a name we are in love with. A man who gets himself fined £5 for the illicit use of a camera ought not to be named Shultz. Conversely, a man named Shultz who goes unlawfully poking around with a camera ought not to get off with so light a penalty as a fine of £5.

A Costly Quencher.

Just after 11 o'clock the other night, the Steward of the West Ward Labour Club, Bradford, was seen pouring himself out a glass of beer. When severely spoken to about it by a policeman, the culprit pleaded that he "did not know he was doing wrong." However, he knows all about it now, having been fined 10s. by the Bradford Magistrates for illegally quenching his thirst after closing hours. This is the sort of thing that is supposed to aid the cause of "temperance"—how, nobody knows.

A Southend Preachment.

Though it is not usual for us to advertise the sermons of the clergy, on this occasion we do not mind saying that the Rev. A. D. Belden, a Vicar Southend way, will preach on air reprisals on Sunday evening, October 28th. This he announces in the *Crowstone Magazine*, wherein he describes reprisalists as "the murder-press and those who feed upon it," deprecates "the cool way in which the Church is ignored and the Archbishop's resolution flouted," and, finally, tries to scare Southend for its sins by prophesying that "reprisals are sure to bring counter-reprisals." The coming sermon, therefore, should be interesting to a wider circle than Mr. Belden's congregation.

"It Is Up to Hove."

Readers will remember our story of the old lady at Hove, a heroine of hard work. A poor widow, with two single daughters, she is crippled and has not walked for three years. She "sits and does her washing and ironing," for she says she must look after her daughters, who "have to work." Altogether, with 3s. parish allowance, the three women lived on £1 4s. a week. We asked Hove to better the allowance, and—thanks to the Rev. Julian S. Barrass and one or two other readers—the old lady has been granted another 2s. weekly. "She seems quite happy and contented about it," says the reverend gentleman. We thank him and our other friends for their attention to the case. "Happiness and content" are often brought about by kind deeds.

A Good Example.

Our friend, Mr. Veno, of Manchester, is offering £1,000 to any War Charity to be nominated by the first airman who drops a bomb on Berlin—which should be a fine "lightning cure" for our air raids!

For the Caretakers.

At Manchester, in some of the Council Schools, the caretakers have to provide their own cleaning materials, such as brushes, flannels, floorcloths, and so on. Not a penny has been given them even to meet the extra cost of such articles. Manchester cannot afford to be so mean towards humble employees.

Babies Barred.

Copy of notice sent by a Mrs. Mary Barford, 338, Moseley Road, Birmingham, to a man and his wife who have been occupying apartments in her house: "Please take a week's notice. . . . My only reason for giving it to you is on account of Mrs. ——'s confinement, which I could not have at my house or the baby after, so it will give you good time to get another room, and oblige." The husband is not unnaturally indignant. In future, if Mrs. Barford would bar babies, she should take in single tenants only.

Derby Losers.

Derby Borough Watch Committee is not doing its duty by returned soldiers. Out of four men who were once police constables, and who have come back looking towards their old work, not one has been treated other than shabbily. The best that is offered is a messenger's post—eight shillings a week for seven days' work, the men being reminded that they have a temporary pension of £1 a week. Why not give a discharged soldier the post of Registrar, instead of appointing the Clerk to the Guardians?

The Cleric's Joke.

The Rev. J. B. Haldane, of St. John the Divine, Earlsfield, as Chief-of-Staff on his own parish magazine, is of a light mood. He understands a joke when he sees it, even though it is his own. He therefore writes to explain that when he wrote in his magazine that admission to the "concrete dug-out under the mission church" is "6d., early doors 1s.," it was "not meant seriously"; he "was only making fun of a cellar which, unfortunately, is by no means attractive as a shelter." We will only say that a good many of his parishioners failed to see the joke and asked us to comment upon the matter.

Another "Regrettable" Incident.

At 6.15 the other evening a 4,000 ton steamer was torpedoed within three miles of land, the Captain and the crew taking to the boats. Two local tugs went to the rescue and naturally endeavoured to tow the vessel to the nearest land in order to beach her. However, Admiralty officials got in touch and ordered her to be taken to a naval port. The tugs succeeded in towing her the considerably longer distance, but when off the port a heavy Government tug came and ordered the small fry to give up the vessel. She herself then started to take her in at full speed, with the result that a water-tight bulkhead burst, and down went the 4,000 ton steamer in deep water!

1,000 Turkeys for Our Readers.

In connection with our "Bullets" competition we are offering 1,000 specially selected turkeys. As there will be a great scarcity of these birds this year, we advise our readers to take immediate advantage of this offer.

If you want a fine plump Turkey for your Christmas Dinner see page 20.

FIND THE PAYMASTER!

WHO FINANCES THE PROHIBITION AND OTHER "CRANKS"?

By John Flint.

WHERE do the funds come from? That is a question you and I keep asking. And, where Pacifist bodies are concerned, we go a step farther. We demand that the Government shall answer the question for us. Where do those funds come from? When we see sedition-mongers stumping the country with the aid of a limitless amount of cash we have a disagreeable feeling down the backbone (as well as in the biceps). Who finds the cash? In the ordinary way of business, these fluent spouters have to scrape for their pennies with the rest of us—and now they flutter their Treasury notes like a card-sharper with a doctored pack. Where do those notes come from? Of course we know that Quaker millionaires, who subscribe what we may call "covering amounts" to war charities, do their damnedest to keep the Pacifist stunt well-oiled—besides ministering tenderly to the wants of alien enemies in England. But that doesn't account for all the boodle. It doesn't account for Morel; it doesn't account for the U.D.C. and the I.L.P. and the newspapers they keep up in these hard times when you can't get enough extra paper to make a handkerchief. It is wise never in politics to ask a question unless you think you know the answer. *And in this case we think we know.* But why do we stop there? Why do we think the Huns are such Simple Simons as to stake all their money openly on zero? Well, the Bolo revelations have warned us a little, but not enough. We know that the Huns tried to nobble the financial press so as to work a Stock Exchange panic; we know that there were journalists who used to devote themselves to fulsome praise of that great warrior and splendid patriot—ex-King Tino. But is that all? Aren't some of our papers below suspicion, as most of them are above suspicion? Wouldn't it be waste of good money to buy penny-a-liners who are always ready and anxious to froth at the mouth with praises of the enemy just for the pure love of the thing? The Hun is a cunning devil. Let's look a little deeper!

A Suspect Temperance Movement.

There is a "Strength of Britain Movement." Some of its backers are just cranks; some of the organisers have been noisily collecting subscriptions, and quietly losing part of the proceeds on "current expenditure," *and some are men who do not want Britain to win the war.* Mr. Charles Palmer told you the other week that of the original Executive the most prominent, and possibly the sole surviving members, were Dr. Saleeby (Chairman), Mr. H. S. Richardson (Treasurer), and Mr. Henry William Randall. Dr. Saleeby is a fanatical busybody—a teetotal eugenist who wants the lives of everybody who doesn't understand the mumbo-jumbo of science to be regulated down to the last kiss and the last drink by those who do. He seeks exemption from military service on the plea of "national work." His national work is to rob Britons of their liberties. Now I don't suppose for one moment that the dear doctor is paid by Germany to do his dirty work. Why pay him when he's already Prussian to the marrow? His glorious enthusiasm for the cause of slavery is worth all the soda-water excitement of all the paid agents put together. Let us on! Mr. Randall, as you know, is, or was, the agent of the "Royal" Worcester (Mass.) Corsets. But he has a later and greater title to fame. The German-owned London Emery Works (a Controlled munition factory), being up for forced sale by the Board of Trade, Mr. Randall submitted a tender, and his tender was accepted. This "natural born British subject" made a "solemn declaration" that he was "not purchasing the said property, or any interest therein, for or on account of, or as trustee for, any enemy or foreigner or foreign corporation or corporation under foreign control." But acting on the odds-on chance that a British Government official is a born fool, he added that, though he knew nothing of the emery trade, he could carry on quite well because *he proposed to retain the present staff, including Emil Selwyn (or Seeligmann), the German-born Managing Director.* Well, owing to the action of certain newspapers, including John Bull and the *Daily Mail*, it is possible to look a little deeper into the interesting past of Henry William Randall. It is then found that his present wife and the wife of Herr Buchholz, of Hanover—one of the German owners of the London Emery Works—*are own sisters.* This fact, having been put under the noses of the authorities, they at last smelt a rat, and the sale has been stopped. Well and good! But the "Strength of Britain Movement" goes on. Was it only because of the way subscriptions trickled out, or was it partly because of the way subscriptions flowed in, that Sir Alfred Booth, Mr. St. Leo Strachey, Editor of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Arthur Mee (faddist of the faddists, but not a Prussian) resigned? And why is this man Randall, this brother-in-law of Buchholz, so strong for Prohibition? Why has he been so active in organising the "Strength of Britain Movement"? Is it because he is a fanatically straight-living man? Not a bit of it! Once again we will rub in with extra vigour a quotation from a daily paper dated November 16th, 1914: "The defendant, Mr. H. Randall, living in the West district of London, was a wealthy man to whom the plaintiff, Miss ——, had been admittedly engaged for eight years. She then discovered that during the whole of her engagement the defendant was a married man. She herself was a woman in a respectable position, and besides having lent him various sums of money, at his request she had disposed of her business in Aberdeen." Is Randall on the "Strength of Britain Movement" for the love of Britain? Well, you have the London Emery case before you.

Three German Reasons.

The name of this spoof "Movement" should be "The Weakness of Britain," and we ask the Government with more emphasis than ever to tell us where the funds come from. But this is not the only prohibitionist movement which is rightly suspect. A moving spirit of the Liquor Control Board is the notorious Pacifist, Mr. Philip Snowden—a man who has spent his time since August, 1914, in apologising for Germany, belittling his country, impeding recruiting, nursing the Conscientious Objector—*and robbing the patriotic Briton of his beer.* There are several reasons why the Huns would like us to have prohibition in Britain. First, because, as open scientific inquiry has shown, our factory and farm workers need beer, or their output will suffer. (That's a big reason.) Secondly, because the loss of our national beverage will lower our spirits and make us panicky (that's another big reason). Thirdly, because the Germans no longer hope to beat us in the field, and they'd just love *to see us Prussianise ourselves.* (And perhaps that's the biggest reason of all.) Of course, the Huns don't have prohibition; they're not such blooming fools as all that. But if they can strike at this cornerstone of our liberties—the right to choose our own drink and drink it in our own "public-houses"—our other liberties will tumble down. And that's the reason why I ask: Where do the funds of all these "Crank" movements come from? Has the Government the pluck to find out?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., Whitehall.

My Dear Premier,—Has your attention been drawn to the threats in the German press relative to a gallant French airman brought down by the Huns whilst flying behind the German lines? The insinuation is that the French airman is to be treated as a "spy." The infamous insolence of this threat is past all understanding. I presume the next threat will be levelled at some British airman. If so, I urgently request you to take a granite stand on the matter and give the Huns some of the "hell" you promised them. If they ask for a war of extermination, let them have it.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir Albert Stanley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

Dear President,—I need hardly remind you of the commercial importance of the dye industry, which before the war we had allowed to slide into German hands. Unfortunately the present situation of this vital trade seems to afford small ground for encouragement. "After nearly three years' trial," says a distinguished expert, "it must be regretfully admitted that Government measures have hitherto availed little or nothing towards establishing the industry upon a permanent footing in this country." This is a grave statement, and I venture to suggest that the matter calls urgently for your personal attention. It was widely believed that your appointment to the Board of Trade was to herald a new era of practical commercial reform. Here's your chance. Get busy, do.

John Bull.

To Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.

Dear Sir Arthur,—So you have been asked to give your assistance to the much distracted Lord Rhondda, in the Food Controller's Department. It is typical of your public spirit that you have at once complied with the request, but don't you really think you are better employed where you are—administering to the needs and comforts of our blinded soldiers? Deprived of your own sight, you are a model of cheerfulness and energy. By the blind you are canonised; by the general public you are loved. *Don't* be drawn off from your good work.

John Bull.

To Farmer A. H. Hipkin, Bedhampton, Sussex.

Sir,—I see that at the Havant Petty Sessions you were recently fined and mulcted in costs for an assault upon two small boys. It seems that the youngsters had been gathering nuts on your estate without leave or licence, whereat you were very wroth and proceeded to execute summary justice with the aid of a stout ash stick. Evidently the Magistrates thought you had no right to take the law into your own hands in this rough and ready manner; also they seemed to have formed the opinion that the punishment was a good deal in excess of the crime. After reading the evidence I have only to say that on both points I am in agreement with the Bench. Indeed, if they had dealt far more severely with you I should not have felt it my duty to protest.

John Bull.

To the Rev. C. F. Way, the Vicarage, Henbury, near Bristol.

Dear Parson,—I dare say you mean well, and for that reason I am not about to be too rough on you, though you must know that "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." When you said in your recent sermon that during the coming winter the parish would be occupied by Engineers, then called on "fathers and mothers present here to-night to see that their daughters kept circumspect and modest," you didn't mean to insult the Engineers, nor the young women of the parish; of course you did not. But this is precisely what you *have* done, and what you might have anticipated you would do. We have all heard far too much of this sort of thing—the pulpitarian assumption that men in khaki have a double dose of original sin and that women must be warned against them lest they be taken unawares. Do leave the men in khaki free of such insinuations, please. It is unjust and offensive to make them—whilst as a theme for sermons I must tell you that the sensation is played out.

John Bull.

To Surgeon-General Sir William Babtie, V.C.

Dear General,—While I could never be unmindful of those coveted initials that adorn your name, I cannot shut my eyes to the awful sufferings endured by the dear boys in Mesopotamia because of your cruel neglect. It is therefore nothing short of a national scandal that you should have been permitted to resume your official duties after the censure of the Committee. You, as Director of Medical Services in India, were held directly responsible for the break-down; you were found guilty of making no adequate efforts to improve the defects you knew existed—defects which brought untold suffering and hideous death to many a gallant lad. How the Government dare to employ you after what has happened God only knows. It is a crying shame!

John Bull.

To Philip A. Laszlo de Lombos.

Sir,—Either you are an Englishman or an enemy alien. According to the Home Secretary, you are by law the former—and yet, although Sir George Cave tells us that there was "grave reason for suspecting" that you were "engaged in activities which might prove dangerous to the public safety," nothing worse has befallen you than internment. You are the man who, favoured by the "great" in English Society—whom you flattered in your portrait painting—were "naturalised," *after the war had been declared*, under the sponsorship of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Sir Arthur Lee. Nevertheless, like the Hun you really are, you turned on those who befriended you. If the law is not adequate to deal with persons of your kidney, then let it be altered forthwith. Rigorous imprisonment, not internment coddling, should be your lot.

John Bull.

To Mr. Edgar Fewings, "Barley Mow," Paradise Street, Rotherhithe.

Dear Mr. Fewings,—I don't know you from Adam, but I applaud what you and Mrs. Fewings did on the occasion of a recent air raid, and I think it ridiculous that the Tower Bridge Magistrate should have fined you £5 and your wife 20s. for playing the Good Samaritan. Of course it was terribly illegal to open your house for a quarter of an hour in response to the clamour of tired and nervous women after the "All Clear" notice had been given. But it was a humane thing to do, your premises being situated near to the spot where several thousand persons had taken shelter. And where a kindly act is called for, the law can go hang.

John Bull.

To the Stationmaster, Woolston Station, L. and S.W.R.

Dear Sir,—As you know, a large number of our crippled boys from Netley Hospital use your station and cross by the floating bridge, so saving both time and money. Very often there are fifty to a hundred lads on your platform, waiting for the trains, and, as the sitting arrangements only accommodate about twenty, the poor convalescents have to recline on the platform itself. Will you be good enough to indent to your headquarters for some more seats or benches? Until these arrive, I am sure you will see your way to putting out some packing-cases or boxes—anything to go along with. Do your best for cripples and crutches, won't you?

John Bull.

To Field Marshal Lord French, Home Defences.

Dear Lord French.—The public will look to you for some definite explanation of the Zeppelin affair of last week. (There may, of course, have been another before you read this.) For several German "sausages" to hover over London for four hours, and return untouched—only to be brought down when they reached French soil on their way home, reflects poor credit upon our Air Defences. *I know it is not your fault.* But don't you think you have shielded the Official Incompetents, who tie your hands, long enough? Come, let us know the truth. Whom shall we hang?

John Bull

To Walter Winans, Esq., Brighton.

My Dear Mr. Winans,—The stand you recently took on behalf of a poor, ill-used horse at Hove reflects most favourably upon your good sense and good heart. We want more men who will speak up for our horses and act fearlessly on their behalf. Your conduct on the occasion referred to was typical of a good sportsman and a true gentleman. More power to your arm!

John Bull.

RUTHLESS REPRISALS NOW.

A NATIONAL DEMAND WHICH BROOKS NO DELAY.

How long will the patience of the public last out? In the cynical denial of air reprisals the Government are making a rod for their own backs which, when it falls, will descend with startling suddenness and force. They are living in a fool's paradise—there is red resentment abroad. When that semi-official statement was made which gave promise of a more vigorous air offensive, and the easily gulled saw in imagination British aeroplanes bombing the Rhine towns, we uttered a warning. We know the Government; we realised at once that the anger of the people and not the merits of reprisals had moved Ministers. As we wrote at the time, panic promises were to be mistrusted. Has anything happened since Parliament reassembled which would indicate that Ministers are whole-hearted over this business of bombing the Germans, and carrying out the fine old historic law of "an eye for an eye"? How everyone was thrilled by that alleged declaration of the Prime Minister as he stood amid the ruins "somewhere in London," and was supposed to have been worked to a fine pitch of hate by the death and devastation around him! "We will give the Germans hell"—what a promise, and in language which found an echo in every British heart! Then came the reaction. First a denial that Mr. Lloyd George ever said anything so horribly and colloquially expressive, and next the official declaration that the Ministerial attitude was what it had always been—that military considerations must be paramount, and bombing raids a secondary affair. That is where the official mind is so damnably dull. Military considerations! When, in Heaven's name, will Downing Street realise that the Hun is making red war on England, that we have for more than two years been within the fighting zone, and that no military consideration is more insistent than the safeguarding of our women and children, the security of life and property? Not this Government alone, but each successive Ministry since the war has shown a criminal tenderness towards the Germans which has set the world wondering and has done more than anything else to foster the belief in "the Hidden Hand." And to-day the excuse is just what it was in 1915, when London felt the full force of the Zeppelin attacks—military considerations first. That is just a big piece of Ministerial humbug and departmental bluff. Two years have passed—time to build ten thousand aeroplanes—and yet we are apparently as far off as ever from that offensive action—that policy of ruthless, deliberate and officially declared reprisals upon German towns and cities. Only public opinion, expressed in a form which threatens the very existence of the Government, can bring Ministers to their senses. To promise an Air Ministry when we want Hell in the air is deliberately to insult public opinion. Cold, callous complacency, "darkness and composure," take your risks and don't grouse if a few of you are killed, the soldiers at the front are in worse case—that was the insulting bunkum talked by Ministers two years ago. Then when the Zeppelins were brought down in flames, Ministers folded their hands and thanked God the reprisals bogy was laid. It never occurred to them that Germany was as resourceful as she was ruthless. After the Zeppelins, the Gothas—deliberate, deadly warfare on this country and into the heart of the capital. And now Zeppelins again—Zeppelins to laugh at all the talk of immunity until the Hunter's Moon; then to prove to us with bloody evidence that to deal death silently in the dark is still part of the German game. By the time these lines are in print we shall know something more about the renewal of these new Zeppelin visits, and the nation will have been fobbed off with some insulting "explanation" why there was no answer on the spot to that mysterious attack over London. Again we solemnly warn the Government that they are trifling. The nation is inflamed; the cry is for ruthless reprisals *now*, and if that cry goes unsatisfied a day longer, let the crime of delay and indecision fall upon their own heads. Ministers who cannot protect us from Zeppelins and will not give us ruthless reprisals at once are asking for lamp posts!

PETTING THE PRISONERS.

CONVEYANCE, SHELTER, FIRES AND INCREASED PAY.

The Rural Council of Welton, near Lincoln, thought of employing some German prisoners to work on the roads under its jurisdiction. After being referred from pillar to post, the Council at length learned some of the conditions on which the Hun labour would be supplied. Primarily, the prisoners had to be conveyed from camp to their work and back again—the Chairman suggested that a motor lorry might be obtained—and they were to be provided with shelter from rain, and with water and fuel for their mid-day meal. Anybody who has seen Englishmen engaged at work on rural roads will note the enormous balance in favour of the Huns. The British labourer gets 2s. a day for road-mending and tending. He has no "conveyance"—except a wheelbarrow, which he must push—and he tramps to his job, wherever it may be. He has no shelter from the rain, except a sack of his own providing which he throws over his shoulders. As for water and fuel, the parish would laugh at the notion of either. He squats on a heap of stones under the hedge, and eats the cold food he has been able to carry in his handkerchief. Such conditions of employment are too coarse for the Kultured Huns, who are prisoners and not children of the soil. Travelling from Lincolnshire into Herts, we find it gravely recorded that the Herts War Agricultural Committee has increased the pay of prisoners of war from 4d. to 5d. per hour, which is certainly very much more than Tommy gets for fighting and capturing the brutes. It is a wicked shame that the pay of the Huns should be increased; we should prefer to see it reduced to the infinitesimal level of the rate paid to our boys who are prisoners in enemy hands. But perhaps the Herts Committee will soon be paying the Huns a war bonus! To cap all comes the impudent demand of the *Cologne Gazette* that the young Hun prisoners should be either repatriated or given opportunities to continue their studies in colleges here!

A CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

WIDOW'S CLAIM ON A BURIAL FUND.

To a great extent the smaller Benefit Societies are a law unto themselves. "For five years my husband belonged to a Trade Society, paying into the Burial Fund," writes a Poplar widow. "He always gave me to understand that I should get a few pounds if anything happened to him." In due course, the husband joined the Army, and on August 17th last was killed in action. Without loss of time, the widow put in her modest claim against the Society—the National Union of Packing Case Makers (Wood and Tin), Box Makers, Sawyers and Mill Workers—receiving in reply the following note from the General Secretary:—

> We sincerely sympathise with you in your great loss, and regret Mr. —— was not in benefit. No member is allowed to clear his card after joining up; it must be clear before he goes. We are a Registered Society, and as such can only use our funds and pay claims in accordance with our rules.

In the face of this letter, it may be as well to recall the simple facts of the case. Having entered into what was to all intents and purposes a life insurance contract with his Union, the husband set out for France as a soldier, with, we are told, his premiums 7s. 6d. in arrear, although apparently without any special notification from the Society as to the position in relation to the Burial Fund. Before his death these arrears were apparently paid off, and if the poor fellow had got through safely, the "policy" doubtless would have remained alive. It is only when a claim on the Burial Fund has accrued that the Society falls back on the technical excuse regarding the date of payment. If this decision is really in accordance with the rules of the National Union, etc., it is none the less a grossly unfair one, especially as the husband seems to have had no warning of the position in which his widow would stand in the event of his death in action. But when was this rule made, and was it ever communicated to the insured?

HIS DEAR OLD "DUTCH."

"I've got a gal, she's a reg'lar aht-an'-ahter;
She's a real good old pal when I want to buy or barter."

INDECENT TOUTING.

THE REMEDY FOR A GROWING SCANDAL.

Mr. W. P. Greenbury, jeweller, of 31, Skinner Street, Whitby, is among the latest to adopt the ghoulish methods of business which have moved our frequent protest. A complaint comes from a young Yorkshire woman, a widow, her husband having lately been killed by an accident in a mine. In the first flush of her grief, on the very day of the funeral, the poor woman received a packet by post. "Wondering who could be troubling her with a parcel on that terrible day," she opened the intrusive package, and found it to contain several samples of jet mourning jewellery, eight brooches and a bangle—articles which she had never ordered or thought of ordering—with the following epistle from W. P. Greenbury, of whom she had never heard:

> I respectfully submit this small selection of Jet Mourning Jewellery for your kind inspection and approval. These goods are direct from the manufactory, and invoiced at cash price for any kept. Trusting you will excuse the liberty taken in sending. Please kindly return goods not approved, and greatly oblige. Stamps for return postage enclosed herewith. Thanking you in anticipation.

From the apologetic tone of this missive, it may be inferred that W. P. Greenbury is more than half ashamed of this indecent performance. On the other hand, it may be mere artfulness, nicely calculated in the interests of trade. In any case, such untimely overtures are deeply offensive to all decent-minded people, and we strongly suggest to Mr. W. P. Greenbury that, as he values his reputation, he should abandon this doubtful line of business. Certainly the recipient of such unsolicited samples is under no obligation to return them, even though stamps are enclosed for the purpose. If Greenbury wants the goods back, let him fetch them. Perhaps if this attitude were more generally adopted, the nuisance would cease.

PUNISHING THE VOLUNTEER.

THROUGH POURING RAIN TO COLD CHURCH.

Officers commanding contingents of Essex Volunteers seem bent upon hardening their men, or invaliding them. We have described the forcing process as applied to the devoted men of West Ham, who were made to march many miles and then to sleep out in an open meadow, without waterproof or blanket. The intensive plan for training has also been applied to the Essex Volunteers of Saffron Walden, Newport, and district, most of whom are over Army age. Their orders were to line up on Sunday morning for Church parade, the service to be held at Arkesdon Church, four miles distant. Well, Church parade and Divine service may or may not be a valuable item in military training, but it did seem foolish to carry out the programme under the conditions reigning—or raining—on that Sunday. For it was a drenching wet day from start to finish, with no prospect of cessation. By the time their dismal march was over and the "objective attained as per plan," all officers, non-coms. and men were soaked to the skin. And, wet as they were, those old-boy volunteers had to sit in their sodden garments in that cold building. On such an occasion it should surely be possible to cancel a march to church, a useless and dangerous penance under the circumstances. It can be no part of a sensible military training to book a batch of the middle-aged for a bout in bed with rheumatics. Very few men who have passed their fortieth year are able with impunity to expose themselves to damp or prolonged fatigue, though young men frequently possess marvellous powers of recuperation and resistance. Such a state of things is obviously unfair, and a mean return for their patriotic sacrifices—for the sake of their country they would not hesitate to lay down their lives, but these gallant veterans should not be called upon needlessly to hazard their health.

WHAT PRICE PEACE

THE NEW ATMOSPHERE

By THE ED

LET us take advantage of the weather lull in Haig's push to have a look round. Let us always remember that there must be ebb and flow in the tide of victory; that no General can possibly control the weather—and whilst we are waiting for favourable conditions, we may with advantage take stock of the situation. We shan't have much time for that sort of thing as soon as the guns get busy again—and there are several matters calling for consideration, all having a bearing on the great question which, sooner than most people think, will be on all our lips—on what terms, Peace?

The New Atmosphere.

There can be no denying it—Peace is in the air. Even the most lugubrious and dismal of Jeremiahs now talks of nothing worse than a winter respite, with the end in the Spring, and at the same time guards himself with all kinds of reservations about a possible collapse of the enemy before then. I have met only one man lately who thinks that the war "isn't half over"—and he is a Government Contractor! Clearly a case of the wish being father to the thought! On the other hand, the atmosphere is charged with those strange "presentiments" which so often precede big events—one of the most persistent of them being that the Kaiser is about to abdicate. And you might do worse than keep your eye on that presentiment. Be prepared for *any* trick to paint Germany as a "democratised" nation—in order to meet the first condition of the Allies for Peace negotiation. How the Politicians, and especially the Labour men, will fall into the trap! There is only one way to get a democratised Germany—you must crush and annihilate Kaiserism; merely to suspend it won't do. The Hohenzollerns, like the Romanoffs, must go—their dynasty must be destroyed. It will take a lot of killing. And the danger is that the national character whom this journal endeavours to personify is such a casual, good-natured and forgiving fellow. A hundred years ago, you may remember, this is how Washington Irving described him: "Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, John Bull is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling, even when victorious, and though no one fights with more obstinacy, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against; it is 'making friends' afterwards. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing, but put him in a good humour and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket." Well, that is equally true to-day. You remember, too, our old cover, in pre-war days, with that verse of Byron's: "The world is a bundle of hay; Mankind are the asses who pull; Each tugs it a different way—*And the greatest of all is John Bull.*" And that is why our political rulers so faithfully reflect the national temperament. They are no match, in diplomacy, for the wily Teuton—and with men like Haldane and Grey in the offing, waiting to "help" the Government, we must be on our guard. These arm-chair theorists and philosophers must clear out. John Bull must go to the Peace Conference with his sleeves turned up and his whip in his hand; and he must open the proceedings with some such speech as this: "Now, you Hun devils, what have you to say for yourselves? What reparation do you offer for the crimes you have committed—what practical proof do you bring me of your repentance and contrition?" They will understand that kind of talk—anything else will be wasted upon them. *That*, then, is the correct "atmosphere" which we must bring about. And now is the time to do it. Don't wait till Haig has got them on the run. Do it *now*.

Good-Bye, Russia!

Don't let us worry ourselves about Russia. She is finished, so far as the war is concerned. It is very lamentable, but it is the cold fact. She has missed an opportunity of national salvation which may never come again. I do not condemn her—she has been the dupe of Germany. Her "revolution" was premature. She should have shot the spies and the traitors—and got on with the war. Then she could have been in at the death, and had a voice in the Terms of Peace. As it is, she must remain sandwiched between Germany and Japan, to await her fate—*unless, indeed, our Eastern Ally comes to the rescue before it is too late.* There is an irony in the fact that, having shaken off the shackles of the Romanoff despotism, she should find herself manacled to the autocracy of the Hohenzollerns. And to think that Russia was the nation for whose liberation France bared the sword and Britain made honourable cause! Yet she left us at the very moment when, but for her defection, victory was within our grasp! Here, again, how we have been misled by the Politicians! When the trouble arose, the Government sent out two of the Labour M.P.s, and, subsequently, Mr. Henderson, to "confer" with the Russian self-appointed "Delegates"; and all three came home to assure us that Russia was sound for the Allied Cause—and that all would soon be well! I ventured to question their conclusions—I *knew* they had been fooled. And I wrote: "If the Russian people, drunk with the fever of Freedom, can sober themselves and stand steady on sentry-go for Liberty, then there is hope yet—faint, flickering, almost dead—but still hope. Speaking deliberately, however, I have ceased to count upon our Near East Ally any longer. *Let us face the fact that we must finish the war without her.*" To that view I adhere. Poor, blind creatures! What spectacles they have made of themselves! Those eloquent mouthings, those rhetorical tributes to the Red Cap—what has it all come to? Poor fools! To-day the enemy is knocking at the gates, while, within, the People are warring with words—strutting and posturing in the name of Freedom, while a cruel and remorseless enemy is

CE BY CHRISTMAS?
CRE—GOOD-BYE, RUSSIA!

EDITOR.

busy fashioning new irons for their deluded bodies. Yes, it is a piteous picture—one to make the angels weep. And there is none to save. Why is it that the biggest war in the history of mankind—the greatest cataclysm that has ever riven human society—should fail to produce the man? Look where you will, you find pygmies and pinchbeck creatures. I am almost beginning to wonder whether history will not tell us that, amid them all, President Wilson stands out head and shoulders the biggest. Why do I say that? Because, with all his hesitancy and in spite of those weary months of what looked like indecision, he had a policy and he pursued it; he had a plan and he waited patiently for the hour and opportunity. I cannot forgive him for delaying so long. Had America come into this war of Liberation twelve months ago, what a difference it would have made—how many dear and precious lives would have been spared! But now, being in with us, America is playing the lion's part. We fooled and dallied with the blockade; our Foreign Office betrayed the Navy and allowed the damnable Neutral to feed the foe, carrying food and material across the oceans which are dominated by our splendid ships. We could have starved Germany—we didn't. To-day, America is playing her heroic part in denying Germany everything she needs. There is now no excuse for this country to show the smallest consideration for the Neutral, who is bathing in the blood of the fighting nations and growing rich out of their extremity. At the same time, I do think that we might have given a hand at Riga, as we did two years ago. I am no naval expert, and I must assume, I suppose, that it was impracticable for either our ships or our submarines to render the poor Russian fleet any assistance. Yet I can't get out of my head an old song—something about Britannia ruling the waves, and all that sort of thing. And I am beginning to wonder what the Grand Fleet is doing. We have just been celebrating Trafalgar Day—and I am thinking about the "Nelson touch." Can it be that our naval Commanders are not given a free hand? If so, I would respectfully advise Admiral Beatty to look up a certain Despatch which he will find in the Records. It is signed "Nelson," and it tells the Government of the day that, whilst they are making up their minds, he intends to keep the enemy under observation, "and, if necessary, "*follow them to the Antipodes.*" And that was quite as stiff a job, in those times, as clearing mine fields and fighting submarines is to-day. Still, we are to have a statement of "Admiralty policy and organisation" before these lines are read—by a North Eastern Railway director! So now we shan't be long! Poor Russia! I'm afraid we must say Good-bye.

How to Help Haig.

But nothing which happens in Russia—even if she is unable to tide over till the real winter comes to her aid, and is compelled to make peace with the foe—can alter the bare fact that Germany is *in extremis*—I am not sure that *articulo mortis* wouldn't be the correct term. The enemy does his best to keep from us his internal condition. But we know that he is suffering from shortage of food. He pretends that we are worse off; his people are told that the whole of our coast is blockaded, and that we are starving. But lies do not fill empty stomachs. They have been told that the U-boat would starve us out. First one month, then the next, and then the one after that, has been the appointed time for a famished Britain to sue for peace. But the months go on, and although we suffer minor discomforts and the need for food economy is real and pressing, famine is far off, and, compared with the bare cupboards of the Hun, we live in a land of roaring plenty. Of course, if Ministers had played the game, Germany would to-day be literally starving. Think of it—last year we allowed Sweden and Norway, Denmark and Switzerland, to import ten million pounds more tea than in the year before the war. And to-day our own people stand in long tails at the grocers! What madness—what wantonness on the part of British officialdom! Now when the mischief has been done; when, too, the sand and gravel for the making of those concrete forts—those deadly pill-boxes which, thank God, we have now learned how to smash—have been passed through with impudent impunity to Germany, the Government has taken action! Too late, as usual! And just as we could have brought the Neutral to his senses, so we can hasten the end of hostilities by threatening Germany with such a trade-war after peace has been declared as will make the Hun merchant shake in his shoes. And as with trade, so with that hitting back from the air. This matter is, however, dealt with on another page.

What Price Peace by Christmas?

So much for the general situation. As I write, the weather is improving, and unless we get another break I expect by the time my words are read, that we shall be learning of renewed activity in the West. Well, I am going to indulge in a little phantasy of my own. I am going to say that, given a few weeks' fine weather, it will all be over by Christmas. I don't mean that the Peace Treaty will have been signed, and all that sort of thing; but I do mean that, for all practical purposes, the war will be ended. I don't care whether Petrograd falls, or what happens in the Near East. The war began and will finish in the West—and there the Hun is beaten to a frazzle. *That* may well be the reason for the present demonstration in the Russian area. The poor Kaiser must make *some* show. But, meanwhile, Haig will be putting the finishing touches to the job in Flanders. And Austria will be making terms with Italy. As I write, my mind goes back to that talk I had with Haig in his private room at G. H. Q. He will probably see these lines—for I found JOHN BULL all over the place. And remembering what he told me, and what he showed me, and what has happened since, and what will probably be happening in a few days' time, I ask, in sporting parlance—"What Price Peace By Christmas?" Fatuous optimism, if you like—irresponsible drivel—ridiculous nonsense, and so on. Well, we will wait and see. In the meantime, once more—"What Price Peace by Christmas?"

WHERE SECRET THINGS ARE SEEN.

GERMAN PRISONERS AND MYSTERIOUS AERIAL GUNNERY.

In a certain part of the kingdom there is in course of erection a School of Aerial Gunnery. It will contain all the most modern and newest devices in the art of war in the air. Upwards of 1,400 German prisoners have been working on the spot. The School is nearing completion, and many interesting things are being done. The Huns remain, with eyes and ears open. They are learning things. It would be difficult for a British civilian to penetrate into the School; yet the war prisoners are there all the while. It may be suggested, in palliation, that anything they learn can be of no use to them till after the war; that is an error. The Germans there have certain means of communication with other Huns in various parts of the kingdom. It is a mistake to retain such men so long in one spot, and it is equally wrong to keep them in contact with the same guards. Familiarity breeds other things besides contempt; carelessness, for instance. Guards and prisoners should be "strangers ever." Shift both frequently, especially in such a locality.

"FISH AND FLESH."

SOME STRANGE DISTINCTIONS IN THE COURTS.

(*Guildhall, 12th October, before Alderman Sir Louis Newton.*)

Julia Plummer, housekeeper, Lothbury, pleaded guilty to failing to screen bright light in her room. Defendant was very abusive to Police Inspector. On his taking two "Specials" to see light, she said that if she had had a man on the premises she would have had them thrown downstairs. "Alderman: 'Taking into consideration that you were abusive, I fine you 40s.'".

(*East Ham Police Court, 13th October.*)

Arthur Scott charged with being suspected person and assaulting two police constables: At 2 a.m. defendant was seen going into three different shop doorways. Spoken to, he became violent and struggled with officers for an hour and a half. Police obtained assistance of passer-by, and all three men were assaulted. Defendant, an epileptic, had been discharged from the Army with a compassionate allowance and had absconded from a Home. Discharged on payment of 8s. costs.

(*Guildhall, 12th October, before Alderman Sir Louis Newton.*)

Edward Parker, housekeeper, New Broad Street, pleaded guilty to having unscreened lights. At once extinguished them on attention being called, and gave every assistance to police. Accused said it was all due to carelessness of charwoman. Fined £3. "Defendant: 'That is very heavy when it was not my fault.' The Alderman: 'But you are responsible.'"

(*West Ham Police Court, 13th October.*)

Arthur Ernest Reed charged with disorderly conduct and assaulting police. Two constables heard defendant's sister screaming, she having been assaulted by some men, and were escorting her home when defendant arrived. He refused to go away and became violent. Defendant denied intentional assault; they all fell over together. He had been discharged from Army suffering from shell shock. Fined £5, and told that but for his record would have been sent to prison.

LAND SHARK AND SEAMAN.

SCURVY ROBBERS AROUND RAILWAY STATIONS.

An A.B., coming up to Euston Station, left his luggage in a porter's care and hurried off to get some food, preparatory to departing for Liverpool. In a refreshment room he unfortunately got into conversation with a well-dressed, plausible scoundrel who posed as a South African, promised him ostrich feathers, and proposed to travel in his company. The scamp, together with the sailor, went to make a few purchases, and came out of one shop complaining that he had a ten-pound-note which the people could not change, and that he would be obliged to return to the station and open his luggage to get some small money. Jack, like a big-hearted simpleton, fell into the trap, and changed, in a dark street, what he thought was a genuine "tenner." It was only when the rogue failed to return from another shop that Jack examined his note, and found it to be a "dud"—on the "Bank of Engraving." Knowing then that he had been done by a very dirty but common trick, Jack made his way to Liverpool, and, with two soldiers, sought shelter at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club. The soldiers were admitted—he was refused, not being in uniform. It was truly a sad home-coming, to be first robbed, and then refused shelter. Certainly our sailors do not deserve such rough luck, and it must be a very low-down type of swindler who gets a wicked living by lying in wait to entrap good-natured men of the sea. We tell the story as a warning to others, and at the same time would hint that the detective force at Euston should be more alert to clear the station and its neighbourhood of measly thieves who should be known to them.

THE PLEA OF THE MAGDALENE.

A HOST OF HELP AND AN OFFICIAL CRITICISM.

As a result of our short article, "A Magdalene's Plea," we have had a very large number of offers of assistance, in the case from women too kind-hearted to avert their eyes with scorning from those of their sex who have trodden the path aside. We have gladly put some of these chivalrous women who make their offers not less from humble than rich homes, in touch with the "Magdalene." She, however, did not tell us she is a woman who left her husband some years ago, and since leaving him has had three illegitimate children. We confess that in this we do not see much of a weapon for the scorner. Again, she did not tell us that when she applied to the Guardians' Committee to go out, leaving her child, she had no idea of what she was going to do or where she was likely to reside, and that it was suggested she had better remain where she was for the present till something could be done for her. In these days an able-bodied young woman has little difficulty in earning an honest living, which she can, of course, obtain much more readily by direct application than through the agency of a public body like a Board of Guardians—however well-intentioned they may be.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

However much it may be shocking
The gaiter-wearer, 'stead of stocking,
"Reprise!" at last, we're glad to see,
Becomes the motto of Lloyd G.

If Haldane wishes to go West
By Tommy he'll be far from blessed;
Whilst, as to cranks and pacifists,
They never will by him be missed.

John in his pocket puts his hand,
He's glad to help our heroes grand;
His debt in full can't be repaid,
But time it is a start were made.

"It *looks* the same. *but* I want

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

"BECAUSE I KNOW

it's good for digestion and keeps my teeth clean and healthy.

"BECAUSE I KNOW

it contains no wax or other harmful ingredients.

"BECAUSE I KNOW

it is the Chewing Gum bought by the British Government for the Troops abroad and supplied to the Red Cross for use in hospitals by the Doctor's orders.

"BECAUSE I KNOW

it gives infinite satisfaction which other so-called chewing gums cannot fulfil!"

2½d. per Packet of 5 Bars.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors Drug Co., Ltd.), etc.

REFUSE all Substitutes

WRIGLEY'S Ltd. LONDON, S.E. 1.

How the Cookery Schools solve the WAR FLOUR Problem.

THE big cookery schools, profiting by the discovery of Miss Wright, one of London's foremost women cookery experts, have found how to get fine results from war flour and save ⅔ of the cost of eggs into the bargain.

The new way is when three eggs are called for in a recipe to use *one* and a 1½d. packet (or three teaspoonfuls) of Goodall's Egg Powder. This reduces the cost to about half—3 eggs at 3d. each would be 9d., but one egg reinforced by a 1½d. packet of Goodall's Egg Powder is only 4½d. This is a fine bit of business—a very welcome saving of 50%—yet even the trained critics of the schools find that this new way results in cakes and puddings as perfect as if the old flour and the full number of eggs had been used.

What a famous cook says:

ELSIE MARY WRIGHT.

"Cordon Bleu" medalist of the National Training School of Cookery; Cookery Editress of "Everywoman's," etc., etc., and one of the best known cookery experts in London, writes:—

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry with due regard to economy, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty."

MAKE sure you *get the genuine Goodall's*—only then can you make sure of success. Your grocer has it, and will gladly sell it to you if he likes his customers to have genuine value for money. Please send us his name if he hasn't got it.

GROCERS.—Goodall's Egg Powder is going to be one of your best sellers this season. Write us to-day for terms.

1½d. packets; large 7d. and 1/2 tins.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

THE AERIAL PROGRAMME TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

HOW WE MUST WORK FOR OURSELVES AND THOSE WHO WILL FOLLOW US.

WE are getting ahead with the aerial problem, and the signs of activity are giving the Huns cause for uneasiness. According to Reuter's correspondent at the Headquarters of the French Army, a pathetic document from General Von Ludendorff has fallen into the hands of the Allies. In this document he says it would be wrong to overwork and wear out the German air formations, which are inferior in numbers, by sending them out several times a day.

It is a striking admission this, that the German air forces are inferior in numbers, and our duty will be to see that this state of matters is maintained.

In pathetic tones the lugubrious Ludendorff goes on to say that the German Infantry and artillery must be told that it is impossible to prevent the enemy's planes flying over their lines, and that they must not get nervous when they see them overhead.

At the same time, Reuter's message speaks of feverish work on the part of Germany in order to be able to meet the Allied air offensive next spring.

The aeroplane and motor building factories throughout Germany are enlarging their plant and obtaining reinforcements of labour to enable them to cope with the sudden influx of orders. Our duty, therefore, is clear. The great efforts we have been making to maintain the supremacy we have gained must be redoubled—nothing must be left to chance.

The output of machines must be increased and the lead maintained, for it is becoming clearer and clearer to all who have studied the war that we can help to win the fight by writing the doom of the Hun in letters of fire in the sky.

The Brothers Caproni, the pioneers in Italy, have been forecasting the future of aviation. In an interview with another Reuter's representative, one of them declared that the day is fast approaching when lines of aeroplanes will connect town with town, country with country, and continent to continent, with aerial trains luxuriously fitted up capable of transporting upwards of a hundred passengers and of travelling from 125 to 190 miles an hour.

There is nothing new in this vision of the future, except in so far as the public are concerned.

British pioneers, like Whitehead Aircraft, Limited, have had the vision of the future before their eyes ever since they took up the problem, and it is with the double purpose of maintaining the supremacy of this country, both now and after the war, that it is understood they are shortly to appeal to the country for help.

They want Great Britain to be the leading country in organising these luxurious air services, and they are determined that nothing shall sway them from their resolve. But in the first place they want to see the war won by the Allies, and this happy consummation hastened by a thorough speeding up of military requirements. The necessary machines for the front and for reprisals must be constructed with the greatest possible hustle that this country is capable of, and, in order that the output may be increased, workshop must be added to workshop, the necessary plant installed, more materials for the manufacture of aeroplanes purchased and the army of workers increased.

This means that more capital must be found, and as the Government are merely the placers of orders with private firms, the matter becomes one for the patriotic Briton.

There is no reason why aircraft shares should not be held by the public, and the burden taken off the shoulders of private pioneer firms, for, after all, the industry is one by which the nation will rise in the days to come. The aerial fleets of Britain will be our greatest defence from now onwards. So long as our hornets of the air can present an unbeatable front to our enemies our shores shall be safe from the feet of the invader and peace will reign supreme.

By responding to the invitation of a firm like Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., and by helping them to build up an industry second to none in the world, the public who invest their savings in aircraft enterprise will be contributing to the glory of the country and at the same time taking advantage of opportunities which those who are not so far-seeing will wish they had snatched at when they were offered.

At the commencement of the war Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., were not in existence, but to-day their vast establishment at Richmond, Surrey, is a colony of activity and power.

Each department where the parts are turned out or fitted together is a township in itself, and the mammoth schemes which daily find fruition in the brain of the organisers tell what confidence they have in the future of aerial activities.

At their Aerodrome, at Hanworth Park, Feltham, that old landmark the Cardinal Wolsey river was in the way of descending aircraft, and, to obviate the danger, they built a series of tunnels at a huge cost so that they could bury the stream for three-quarters of a mile and fill up the bed to the level of the park.

It will be obvious that no firm would undertake a task of this nature unless the organisers had unbounded faith in the future of the industry, and it is up to us who have followed the records of success of such pioneer firms to rally round and give them all the help we can to make the industry the chief asset of the English race.

We must all become aeroplane builders now to win the war. No one will dare to question that no effort must be spared to hustle the work that is necessary in winning the present conflict. There is not a man or woman who does not agree with all that is being spoken and written about the speeding up process for present requirements. But we must also become aeroplane builders for the younger generation who are to succeed us.

The Italian prophets declare that immediately after the war large trans-oceanic aeroplanes will be constructed powerful enough to carry from 50 to 60 passengers from Europe to America and back. Aeroplanes for this purpose, they say, will be from 300 to 500 horse-power, and that there will be a genuine guarantee of safety.

Most of us will live to see these luxurious liners of the air winging their way to other continents, and watch the fleets of cargo-carrying craft setting out upon their voyages.

For those who come after us, therefore, we must secure all the prizes of the air. To those who lived before us we owe the fact that our ocean liners are the swiftest and the safest in the world, and that the seven seas are kept free and open to them by our unconquerable navies. Our aerial trains of the future in like manner, which our sons and daughters are to use, must be the finest in the world, unrivalled by any nation, and the patrolling fleets which we will have to maintain to protect them on their journeys must be like the Navy of to-day—unbeatable.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., who have done so much for the country and who are still toiling by day and by night to provide our armies with all the machines they require have made the future problem their own.

They have never met a difficulty yet throughout this war, which commenced with the aerial question in its infancy, that they could not overcome. Genius, organisation, and an infinite capacity for sheer hard work have enabled them to perform miracles with the great problem, and all who have studied the growth of their enterprise are convinced that they will contribute largely to the work of securing dominion in the air for this Empire when peace casts her halcyon wings over the air.

It is the duty, therefore, of all who can spare something from their means to ask themselves what is the best use they can make of it. The fingers of the future point heavenwards. It is in that direction we must look to find the answer to the question: "What can we do to maintain the glorious traditions of the Britain of to-morrow?"—(Advt.)

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page ii.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE BROTHERS WOOD.

Mornin', gentlemen. 'Air cuttin'? . . . Well, I must say you kin do with it. Now, w'ich am I to 'tend to first? . . . 'Urry up, please! If you carn't settle it between yerselves amicable like, toss up for it! . . . Wot? *It's immoral to toss?* Git out! Don't come 'ere with none o' yer cantin' 'umbug. 'Oo are yer, anyway? Brothers, by the looks of yer. W'y, blimy if I don't believe I've got cher! You're the Brothers Wood. Thet's 'oo you are, or I'm a liar! You're the Brothers Wood wot *wouldn't*—join the Army. An' now you've gotter. Well, if you've come 'ere fur a proper military crop, you'll 'ave it—not 'arf. Me clippers is jest ready to run over yore 'oly 'eads. S'pose I do Fritz first. . . . Eh? *Neether of you is called Fritz?* Not now, p'raps. It ain't a very 'ealthy name to go about with in wore time. But w'ich of you was Fritz before the wore? . . . Don't be shy. . . . Well, I guess it must 'ave bin Fred. No doubt Fred stuck to the F. So w'ich is Fred? . . . Oh, *you're* Fred, are yer? Well, set yerself down 'ere, Fritz, an' les' git on with it. Wot a couple of 'ypocrital 'umbugs you've bin, eh? You wangled it pritty well at first, but you couldn't wangle it orl the time. Fency a pair like you appealin' fur exemption on religious grounds w'en better men then you'll ever be are fightin' an' dyin' out there fur the good old Flag! Wot a face you must 'ave. But wot amoosed me most about chew two was the 'igh and 'oly praise you give yerselves in the letter wot chew sent round to clergymen arskin' 'em to sign a petition on yore be'arf. "Knowin' 'ow much you value our work fer God," it begun. Well, you've gotter do a bit o' work for yer country, now, fer a change. Judge Darlin' 'as see'd to that. I reckon the Crown appeal against the Magistrate's decision wot exempted you come before the right Judge. 'E knows a bit too much for schemin' young shirkers like you two. But I'm sorry for yer in some ways. I'm thinkin' wot a rotten time you'll 'ave w'en yore comrades find out wot chew are, and 'ow you did yore level to 'ide be'ind religion to escape service. You'll see then thet it would 'ave bin better if you'd acted like men at the first, instead of like snivellin' slackers. You'll 'ave a roughish time, I dessay. But w'en you come to drink yore pint o' beer, smoke yer fag, and let out an occasional cuss word like wot all good soldiers do, they won't worry you no more. And w'en you've jabbed yer bay'nit inter yer first 'Un, you'll say, This beats talkin' religion through our nose at the Queen's 'All. . . . Now, Fritz, I'll do yer brother. I 'aven't left chew much 'air, Fritz, but you don't wanter look pale and interestin' in the Army, so it's jest as well I 'aven't. Now then, Arthur, you ain't no Bishop's Messenger no more. You're a King's Messenger now, an' you've gotter take yore message to the Boches—a lead an' steel one. So don't look down-'carted. You've gotter darn sight better job to do now than yore ole one was. . . 'Aven't yer got nuthink to say fur yerself? . . . Well, well, I dessay you've done yore share o' spoutin'! Now you're goin' to keep quiet, an' *do some work*. So I'll git on with mine.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

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"He looked longingly at the enemy craft, as though in a mood to TURN A DEAF EAR TO THE WIRELESS, AS NELSON DID AT COPENHAGEN."

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"HER END CAME THROUGH CONTINUOUS 'EYE STRAIN' in reading the Conference news for several hours together. WOULD THAT ALL PEOPLE WERE AS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THE WELFARE OF THE CHURCH."

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"Sports were arranged for the enjoyment of the visitors, and there were stalls for the SALE OF THE HOST OF GIRLS WHICH HAD BEEN CONTRIBUTED."

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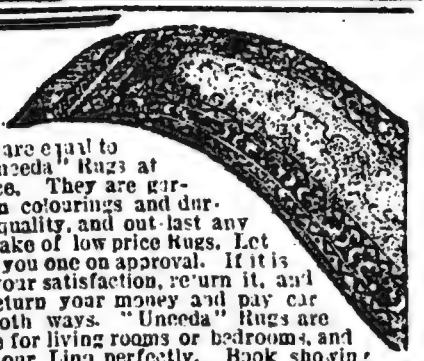

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TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

Rotten Ripon.

Surely somebody is in charge of Ripon Camp? Whoever he is, will he please look into matters, and save the writing and reading of the bales of letters of complaint we receive?

A Voice from Kilworth.

Men of the 2/6th Scottish Rifles, at Kilworth Camp, in County Cork, complain about the bullying of Warrant and N.C.O.'s, who "hoof" the B.E.F. men about and tell them they "ought to be in France again." It might be well if the War Office sent those Jacks-in-office out to the Front to have a taste of the fighting.

An Unfair Strafe.

We put it to the Colonel Commanding the 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, at Peshawar, that it is not playing the game to punish the whole of his command for the shortcomings of some few scallawags who were included in the last draft sent out. We are sending details of the case forward to a very high authority.

Pleased to Have Helped.

Our long campaign to get rights for Tommy and Jack has, we are pleased to say, been very successful, and we are glad to know that we have gained most of our objectives, and "consolidated our positions." The War Office acknowledges our services, and we have even received letters of thanks from some departments for having pointed out to them the weak places in the system. We assure our Service readers that they may rest content that their legitimate complaints will not be unheeded by us. If they are not referred to in our pages, they will be placed, by invitation, before the supreme Chief of the War Office, who will have them investigated and, where justified, redressed.

Trespassers, Beware!

We find that many "smart Alecs," who give fictitious numbers and addresses, send us what purport to be particulars of serious grievances. They do not reflect that they are standing in the way of, and discrediting, legitimate complainants. In future we intend to take drastic action in regard to these mean offenders.

The Trouble at Chepstow.

We are glad to know that, as the result of our recent paragraph, matters at Chepstow Camp are now improved. We thank the men for their letters of appreciation of our effort. We trust that this particular camp will now be a "home from home," as far as is compatible with the exigencies of military service. The commanding officer is out to do his best for the men, and we would advise them to lay before him any further grievances they may have.

Leave, and Other Matters.

There is considerable agitation on the part of a section of the Press, with a view to having leave granted to men in Salonika and elsewhere. The shortage of tonnage, and the danger from submarines, are usually, however, left out of account. We can assure our soldiers and their friends that a scheme is on foot which will set this matter right, but in the meantime we must not give details—which would facilitate the work of the U-boats. This paragraph must suffice; we are quite unable to answer the thousands of letters we receive on the subject.

A Word of Advice.

Will the Officer Commanding the R.F.C. Distributing Park at Bradford have the general conditions improved for his men? If not, we shall take steps that will certainly result in an alteration for the better.

Once More Thetford!

Thetford Camp seems to be very bad, and if somebody has been appointed to look after the place we want him to inspect the tents in which the men have to sleep. They are, in some places, leaky and rotten. To make matters worse, the German prisoners working in the neighbouring Aerodrome are treated like gentlemen—whilst the poor British Tommy has to endure conditions at which a tramp would rebel.

Looking for Air Raids.

We are told in the usual article—dictated or inspired by the departmental big-wig—that we are doing our best to get men to train as pilots, etc., for our air defences. We have, however, received many letters from men who have begged and prayed to be trained for these posts, but are merely kept loafing around in camp, picking up paper, orange peel, etc. How the bosses of the War Office do like to throw dust in the eyes of the public!

Feed the Kids.

We receive many complaints from youngsters in the reserve training battalions concerning the shortage of food. Many of them write to their parents asking them to forward provender, and we hope they get it. It may be that the War Office would learn much if they inspected the indents of the Quarter-Masters, and compared them with the quantities of food supplied, or it may be that in some cases the young rascals write home hoping to get money to buy cigarettes. We are inclined, however, to believe that the fault lies with the Quarter-Masters—and others. We know so much about certain uniformed gentry piling up money wherewith to feather their nests after the war.

Concerning the S-Boats.

Whoever at the Admiralty has the S-Boats in his charge, must be asleep. They seem to be nobody's children, whilst the crews receive a starvation wage. In one vessel, we are told, there is not on board a boat or raft which could save the men should the vessel sink.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A Pensionless Widow.

We are glad to help folk who help themselves. A soldier's wife, unable to work, has six children, the eldest of whom is of employable age. She was, however, in need of suitable clothes. We acted as our subscribers would wish.

Invalided Home.

One of our gallant men, sent home with frost-bitten feet, has been detained quite a long time in hospital. On being freed, he found himself sadly short of funds. He felt confident he would find a friend in John Bull, and we justified his trust.

A Pension?

A poor fellow, in receipt of a very miserable pittance—which for the want of a better name is styled a pension—cannot obtain work. He has lost one of his children by death, and another is ill. We, therefore, sent him substantial help, and thus encouraged him on his way.

A Fatal Accident.

A distressed mother, the wife of a soldier, approached us with a sad story. One of her little girls had been run down by a motor-bus and killed. As no blame could be attached to the driver of the vehicle, help was not forthcoming to pay the funeral expenses. We extended both sympathy and relief to the bereaved parent.

Uninsured!

We were appealed to again a few days ago to help to bury a little one. The soldier-father's loss was enhanced by the knowledge that, unless someone came to the rescue, his child would receive a pauper's funeral. We, however, enabled him to bury the boy in a decent manner.

"No One Seems to Care!"

Thus said one of our discharged bluejackets, when he wrote telling us of the sad state of affairs he found at home. His mother and little brothers and sisters were in sore distress. Rent was owing, and other debts had accumulated. We rendered him some help from our little Fund, and the poor fellow was very grateful to find that after all *someone* cared!

"A Helping Hand."

Discharged to the Reserve, a poor chap wrote to us asking for a helping hand till something turned up. He had been compelled to relinquish his work, as it was impossible for him to carry it on. He has a wife and four children to keep on a very small temporary allowance. It is not fair that we should have to step in, in such cases, and find money which should properly come from State funds, but it is here that we score.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Result of Auction, Dordrecht (per L. A. K.), £18 7s. 11d.; Anonymous, 1s.; "Wife of one of Them," 1s.; C. R., 1s.; E. H. (Birmingham), 5s.; E. H. W., 1s.; H. H., 1s.; G. H. L. (Kasama), £2; E. A. (Sandwich), 5s.; Mrs and Miss R. (Wimbledon), 10s.; "Two Limejuicers," 5s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; A. J. E. G., 3s. 3d.; "Edgar," 6d.; P. L. W. (Willesden), 1s.; "An Enquirer," 20s.; Mrs. E. W. (Wickford), 5s. 6d.; "Lassie," 1s.; R. E. U. (Leyton), 5s.; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden Junction" (per H. W. J.), £1; Collected by R.A.M.C. Officers' Mess, Halton Camp, 4s. 6d.; "Northumberland Schoolmistress," 5s.; H. W., 1s. 1d.; W. G. M. (Jarrow), 2s. 3d.; Sapper H. E., 2s. 8d.; "Pen," 1s.; B. T. (Basutoland), 1s 10d.; Anon. (Bournemouth), 5s.; G. E. A., 2s.; "Wife of 13335," 2s. 6d.; "Result of Bet" (per H. L. C.), 7s. 6d.; "Salopian," 2s. 6d.; "Kathleen and Betty," 1s.; Sergt. A. F., 2s.; Mrs. B. E. B., 2s.; "Too Young to Fight," 6d.; H. McK. (Newcastle), 2s.; "Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund," £5; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Over Age," £1; Weekly collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; N. M. (Greenock), 1s.; Collection in Clearing House, Army Pay Office, York, 14s. 6d.; "Actress," 5s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Won a Double" (Allon), 10s.; "230106," 10s.; A. G. A. (S. Hampstead), 5s.; "Atsuta," 10s.; "Charlie and Marion," 2s. 6d.; "Thankoffering," 10s.; G. W., £1 1s.; Children of Shenley School, Bucks, 5s.; M. F. C. (Calcutta), 5s.; F. J. G. (Leicester), 7s. 6d.; Pte. H. T., 1s.; A. R. (Southampton), 1s.; "Some of the Maids," 1s.; F. H., 2s.; R. S. G., 18s. 3d.; Anon., 2s.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Tottenham), 1s. 6d.; "Canterbury," £1; S. S. C. (Manor Park), 2s.; Mrs. L. H., 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; M. B. (Tooting), 3s.; "Mother of Willis" (Stoke Newington), 10 francs; "One Commonly Known as The Dog," 3s.; E. H. (S. Africa), 1s. 3d.; C. G. G. (S. Africa), 5s.; "Afloat," 1s. 1d.; "George's Mother," 5s.; J. C. H., £2 2s.; J. P. (East Greenwich), 1s.; "Grateful," 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. J., 2s.; "A Soldier's Sister" (Acton), 5s.; Mrs. L. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; "Buster," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. M., 2s.; V. B. (St. Albans), 1s.; F. J. E., 6d.; "Lieut., Norfolk Regiment," 1s.; W. H., 1s.; Pte. J. B., 6d.; F. O. L., 6d.; S. D., 6d.; C. B., 1s.; H. W. G., 6d.; F. S. C., 6d.; F. J., 1s.; L. C. T., 6d.; Anon., 6d.

Don't let

NEURALGIA

ruin the precious hours of leave

THERE are lots of little war tragedies that never get into "John Bull" and this was nearly one of them.

It was his first leave for fourteen long months—of course there were heaps of things they'd hoped to do and say—yet she lay helpless and miserable through a sudden attack of violent neuralgia. She hated to waste the precious hours of his leave like this, but what *could* she do?—she'd tried all the simple usual things she knew except——

Then a bright thought struck him—"What about the box of Daisy Tablets I always keep in my greatcoat pocket?" he asked, "I'll get 'em for you—they've cured nerve attacks for almost every man in my part of the line; they ought to cure you too."

Just a couple of Daisy Tablets sent her neuralgia quickly and completely away, all was well with the world again, and after all only one of the golden hours of leave was wasted. "Good Old Daisy Tablets!" he said, as he took her into the cinema!

"DAISY"

TABLETS

CURE HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

DAISY TABLETS are a scientific, never-failing cure for *all* Headaches and Nerve Pains, achieving their end by soothing and restoring the fretted nerves. They are convenient, too—convenient to carry (a tin of 25 is only the size of the tiniest match-box and slips easily into one's handbag or vest pocket)—convenient to take, for they are quite small and easily swallowed, without liquid, just wherever you happen to be when the pain first makes itself felt. Furthermore, DAISY TABLETS are absolutely harmless, and can have no injurious effect on any organ of the body—a most vital point.

You can send nothing to the Front more welcome, or more practically useful than Daisy Tablets. As this man suggests, they have won tremendous popularity "out there"—they steady the nerves splendidly, and speedily cure the worst attacks of "gunfire headache."

DAISY TABLETS are sold at 1/3 per box of 25 by Boots', Taylors' and other Chemists everywhere. A box will be sent on receipt of 1/3 direct post free from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T), Leeds.

Better in flavour
Better in Size — and
Better all-round value
than any other Brand at the same price.

Black Cat

EXTRA LARGE (*Green Band*)
Virginia Cigarettes

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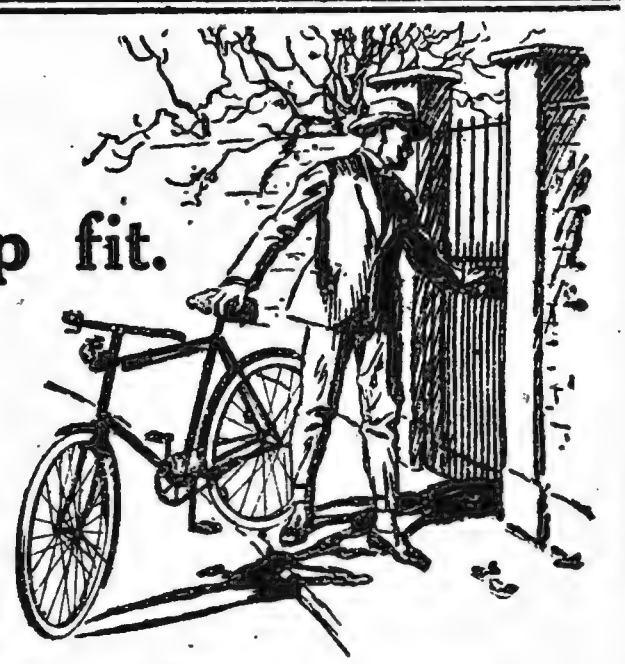
BLACK CAT Medium Cigarettes.
10 for 3½d.
the biggest and best value at the price on the market.

Keep fit.



KEEPING fit means keeping warm, and keeping warm means good circulation. Good circulation means exercise.

The finest exercise I know is bicycling.

Get on your bicycle these clear fresh mornings and bring every muscle in your body into play.

Feel the blood rioting thro' your veins!

Breathe the cool health-giving air of a fine winter's day. This will keep you free from winter ailments, and a pair of Dunlop tyres will keep you free from tyre trouble, too.

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Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.
OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

RHEUMATIC ACHES & PAINS.

The Secret of a Simple Cure.

Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should

CURE THE TROUBLE AT ONCE.

You can easily do it yourself at home.

Have you not heard of the wonderful specific that does this? It is called Curicones, a real scientific discovery. Write to-day for a

FREE HOME TRIAL PACKAGE

and a copy of the little book, "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It gives you the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of

NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT.

It is the only preparation as far as we know which cures Rheumatoid Arthritis.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Curicones give prompt relief, and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicones are so effective. They relieve your pains, reduce swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. They are equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for chronic cases when all other means have failed.

A RECENT CURE.—"I had Rheumatoid Arthritis over ten years. I was in bed a long time and could not walk. One of my boys sent me a cutting telling of a cure from 'Curicones' and said, 'Do try it, Mother, for JOHN BULL would no. publish it if it was not genuine.' I did try it, and before long I was able to throw away my stick, and improved daily. I am pleased to say I now do the work of my cottage and three hours' war work besides. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful 'Curicones.'" G. Madge.

FREE. Send no money. Just sign the following and post to Stephen Mattinson & Co., Ltd. (Dept. U5), 12-20 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please send me your little book, The Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, etc.

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Address .....

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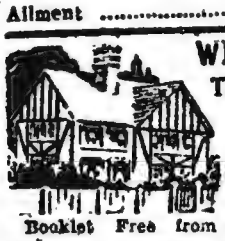

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—BURNLEY.—

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"PAULINE PRY."—Why do we "allow ourselves to be so much plagiarized"? We rather like it!

MRS. W. H. (Stratford).—As you say, we are "interested in grievances"—especially our own.

H. T. (Swindon).—So at the monthly sale of periodicals at the Alliance Club (for the Prisoners of War Fund) five copies of J. B. fetched £1 6s. 6d., being put up and sold 31 times. All the other papers together realised only 5s. 5d. That's about right.

J. E. D. (Tooting, S.W.).—"By order of the Allies, Greece will be incorporated with Serbia, also Bosnia and Herzegovina." Why not chuck in Turkey and Bulgaria, so as to avoid the appearance of stinginess?

B. T.—All honour to the mate of the *Alexandra*, who, by pluck and smartness, freed the "kite" from a German mine, and saved his vessel from destruction. If we gave away the medals, he would get one.

W. S. (Aberdeen).—Our U.S. Allies have quite enough Germans over there to look after without our planting ours on to them.

J. H. S. (Holloway) alleges that if the Government would "dot" about the streets of London Germhun prisoners in batches of 100 "these nocturnal air raids would cease." No, it's better to go over and do two for one.

"BLACK CAT" (Sandwich).—The only thing that consoles us for the blind futility of the average Party hack in Parliament—who, as you truly say, in the past helped to make our present enemy strong—is that they have even worse specimens in Germany.

A. S. (Gloucester).—Cannot say exactly who is responsible for the maintenance of ex-King Tino. As far as we can judge, however, he is not likely to become chargeable to the Gloucester Union.

A. W. (Holmwood).—We have admittedly advocated the use of the Angelus bell, not in the Roman Catholic sense, but as an evening call to meditation and thankfulness for the blessings and greatness which the British people enjoy. Try not to be too narrow.

"QUEENIE" (Sydenham).—We dare not call down the wrath of the public on our devoted head by advocating any more Flag Days—unless it be one for distressed editors.

J. H. (Halifax).—"Oh, for a Bottomley on every Tribunal, Bench of Magistrates, etc." What ho!

E. B. (Chichester).—It is illegal for a grocer to make the supply of sugar conditional upon the purchase of other goods, and the tradesman who tells you differently is a stranger to the truth.

W. E. M. (Carlisle).—Quite right. The judicial contortions and magisterial acrobatics of the Carlisle Bench have a perennial interest for us. Send us some more.

"ABAIRDEEN AWA'" (Cromarty) says that he's nae doot we dae a lot o' guid ane way or anither. Just possible, when you come to think of it.

C. D. (Hammersmith).—Charity uncovereth a multitude of shins.

"PRAYERFUL" (Cassidy Road, S.W.), with preposterous presumption, thanks God for having protected the district in which he lives from Hun air raids, *in answer to his prayers!* Does he think God has taken Cassidy Road, S.W., under His special protection? He, further, threatens to "appeal to the Lord to defeat *our* forces on land and sea and in the air" if we dare to resort to reprisals. Then it's all up with the British Empire!

MR. PERCY HARRISON (Birmingham) takes exception to our recent reference to his protest against the nickname of "Huns" for Germans. He is, however, unduly sensitive, as nothing we said in any way reflected upon him personally.

"FAIR PLAY."—We note that many members of the bands now supplied at Sunday League Concerts have spent a long time at the Front. Why, however, can't they remain there to cheer the lads on the march?

J. B. (Lidlington).—The Chairman of Lidlington Parish Council gave his casting vote against appointment of ex-soldier as rate-collector. Lidlington goes into our black books.

T. J. (Barking Road).—"Please publish address of Recruiting Office where a man was sent to be examined by a lady doctor, as I want to join up there." Tut, tut!

A. J. (Liverpool).—"The manageress at the Picture Palace dismissed an attendant for taking a day to see her wounded husband." That manageress is a cat.

R. H. P. (Southend).—We simply dote on those correspondents who have read us "since our inception." You were the chaps we counted on when we incepted.

K. E. F. (Crouch Hill, N.).—"This is the first time I ever worried an editor." Not a bit of it, sonny. Your letter flutters our bosom not at all.

W. M. (Birmingham).—"Let's bite your ear." Forgive us if we decline the favour.

"SOME OF THE R. W. F." (Wangford).—As you know of a better canteen in your village than the one run by the titled lady of which you complain—well, go to it.

G. FOXWELL (Upper Norwood), "on behalf of self and wounded comrades," wishes, through us, to thank the Directors of the Crystal Palace Football Club for their kindness in letting them see the match free and providing them with refreshments during half-time. To which we add our quota.

"SUB-LIEUT." (R. Navy).—"For goodness' sake, try and ginger up somebody." That shows one of the disadvantages of being so long at sea. Why, man, we've been full of ginger for years. The Government would tell you we were the whole dinner cruet—pepper, mustard, vinegar and salt.

MRS. A. M. (King's Lynn) mentions a local shop where "they had the cheek" to tell her they had no sugar when they had. Thus was she had.

M. H. (Blackburn).—Driver Thos. Walsh, a Widnes man, saved the life of Corp. Wheeler by giving a pint-and-a-half of his blood for transfusion. And many other fine fellows have been equally heroic and self-sacrificing.

J. R. (Stretford).—You must be quite a new reader or you would not need to ask our opinion of Taverner and his "Pensions." The other day, when he and the precious "Society" were each fined £15 and £6 costs for not lodging accounts with the Registrar, it transpired that, by an ingenious juggle, the amount the "Committee" took as their own profits was last year improperly increased by £800.

A. R. J. (Johannesburg).—"Nowhere in S. Africa has JOHN BULL been unobtainable. Once in Swaziland, 70 miles from rail, I had to borrow it—from regular subscribers." Our subscription list would make a World's Gazetteer, Hun countries excepted.

J. T. (E.C.)—Can't say whether or not Lord Milner will be at the peace table, but we will lay you a gammon rasher against a 3½d. shop egg that Lord Haldane won't.

"UBIQUE" (Buxton).—Any clerk in the Devonshire Hospital, of military age, might find better employment tl an spying around for patients guilty of the terrible sin of smoking. Such a one should be smoked out.

"READER" (Falmer).—Apparently the incident described by our correspondent—German prisoners buying papers and cheering reports of air-raids on London—took place outside the station. The railway officials are, therefore, in no way to blame.

"QUEUE" (Willesden).—"For the life of me I cannot find a solution for the sugar question." A lot of other people can't find the sugar for the solution question.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (Ripon).—We have had pleasure in forwarding, per the Police Court Missionaries, your gifts of £1 each to the two ladies referred to in our recent issue.

T. P. (Merton).—Thanks for portion of your shirt forwarded for our inspection. Hope you didn't feel the draught without it.

"A SUPPORTER" (Liverpool).—Cannot see what you are driving at, but perhaps our vision is out of focus. Nice day though, don't you think?

H. L. (Portland Place, W.).—Afraid can offer you no useful advice as to "getting rid" of German waiters. Apparently it is the policy of the authorities to allow them to wait—and see!

"A PROPER SOLDIER."—"What has the man done, or what could he do, but boast of what he has done?" Exactly; and if he can do nothing but boast of what he has done, how are we to know that he has done what he boasts that he has done, so to speak?

MRS. E. E. THORN (1 and 3, Blythe Road, Kensington) wishes to state that she has no knowledge of, or connection with, C. Thorn who, with an accommodation address at 9, Blythe Road, deals in picture postcards of a more or less disreputable kind.

"CONSTANT READER" (Paisley).—"And we so short of sweetstuffs." Can't be helped, dearie. Treat yourself to a pinch of salt.

"JOCK" (Perth).—If we took heed of every Minister of the Gospel who suffers from verbal diabetes of a pro-German colour, we should have more than enough to do.

I. M. (Finsbury) objects to the *Evening News* "referring to Jews as dirty aliens." The *E. N.* is twice wrong: Many are not alien and the great majority are not dirty.

W. G. (Slaithwaite), arguing in a Socialist Club for the war, was brought before a committee of Conscientious Objectors and expelled. He ought to be glad if he isn't sorry.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"An Apple a day keeps the Doctor away!"

NEVER was this sound old saying truer than to-day. Apples have ever been famous for their health-bringing properties; they give tone to the system, aid digestion, are beneficial in debility and invigorate the white corpuscles which purify the blood.

But to get the full benefit you must cook the apples and serve them with nutritious Bird's Custard.

The delicious Bird's Custard adds to the juicy apple the body-building, heat-giving and energy-making food necessary for sustenance.

"Apples for health and Bird's Custard for body-building" is a motto easy to remember and contains a world of wisdom during these autumn weeks. No dish more delicious.

Stewed or baked apples need no sugar if served with

Bird's Nutritious Custard.

Sold in pkts, boxes and large tins.

Cs85/

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Vests - - 5/11, 9/11, 12/11, 14/6.
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Cotton Shirts in Zephyr, Oxford or Cambridge. Immense variety, various styles, 4/11 each.	Winter Half-hose, in Khaki, Lovat, Grey or Heather, 1/11, 2/11, 4/6 per pair.

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Gloves, 1/6, 2/6; Scarves, 1/11, 2/11, 5/11; Jackets, 9/11.

White Business Shirts, Stiff Fronts - Stiff Cuffs - 4/9	No catalogue of these goods is issued. Let us know your wants and we will quote prices.
White Uniform Shirts, Soft Fronts - Stiff Cuffs - 5/6	Send cash with order. We pay postage on orders over £1 in value.

101-102, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 2.

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SKIN TROUBLE?
Send for our Trial Bottle.
FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle, absolutely free, of the wonderful new skin discovery

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A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RING-WORM, AND ALL SKIN DISEASES. It cures quickly, permanently. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send *to-day* for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no stamps.

A post-card will do.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES,
M.N. 20, Wine Office Court, London, E.C. 4.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

'Bullets' Great Xmas Offer!

1,000 TURKEYS

WE are offering 1,000 specially selected Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes.

200 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

Owing to the war, Turkeys will be exceptionally scarce this year and very expensive. Those to be awarded as "Bullets" prizes will be of the best quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be despatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.

DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER!

1,000 TURKEYS

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

& 200 Specially Selected Turkeys to be Won this week

Closing Date, Thursday, November 1st.

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(259) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 259 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 1st.

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(259) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 1st.

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(259) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullet" Competition **No. 260.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8th** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **260** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 260,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the 32 Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 260.

ENGLAND'S GLORY	GETTING THE BIRD	LETTING FATHER IN	FULL OF GAS
HOT AND STRONG	PEACEFUL PERSUASION	SOMETHING BEHIND IT	GIVEN AWAY
GOOD CHEER	MAN OF FEW WORDS	CARRYING ON	A BIG BREAK
NICE CUP OF TEA	UNTOLD WEALTH	WHEN TOMMY SALUTES	NOTICE TO QUIT
PRETTY GENERAL	WHEN FOOD'S SHORT	VISITING THE CANTEEN	STAGGERS THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be fairly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 259.

BOUND TO WIN
IN THE MUD
GERMAN AIRCRAFT
PAYING THE PRICE
RAID ON CAPITAL
STARTLING REDUCTIONS
LEAVING HIS MARK
HIGH AND LOW
ON LAST LEGS
DISGRACEFUL CHARGES
OPEN TO CRITICISM
PAYING FINE
DRESSING THE MISSUS
MUG'S GAME
CAN'T BE BOUGHT
BETWEEN OURSELVES
INCREASING TOMMY'S PAY
LAME EXCUSE
BOMBING THE GERMANS
MAKES HUNS WHINE
EVERYBODY KNOWS
SHOWING HER TEETH
MATCHLESS
A POSITIVE NUISANCE
POOR COLLECTION
TAKES SOME DOING
CLEARING OUT
FINISHING SCHOOL
GETTING IRON CROSS
TICKLES FATHER
FEW LIKE IT
PUNISHING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 32 examples given above Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—
MUG'S GAME.
Bullet:—
HAVING DEALINGS WITH MONEY-LENDER.
Example:—
POOR COLLECTION.
Bullet:—
AT PEACE MEETING.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated Nov. 17th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated October 27th.

Result of Competition 258 will be found on the opposite page.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

RESULT OF 256th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. JAMES SYDDALL,
37, Walnut Street,
Southport.

Example:—PLOT THAT FAILED.
Bullet:—GERMANY "LAYING OUT" EUROPE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Rev. E. H. F. MAY,
Newlands,
Keswick.

Example:—AT DONINGTON HALL.
Bullet:—THE "NEW SAVAGE" CLUB.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. L. LEWIS,
1, Lansdowne Road,
South Woodford, Essex.

Example:—THE LITTLE ONES.
Bullet:—PREVIOUS WARS TO THIS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Sergt. A. THOMPSON, 329th H. S. Works Co., Orford Suffolk:
STAGGERING HUMANITY—GERMANY CANT "KEEP UP"
(Sent in on a "Free Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. C. BELLAMY, Donington Road, Wyberton, Boston:
HANGING TOGETHER—GERMANY'S ARMY, BY THREATS.

Mr. E. ROBINSON, 448, St. Ann's Road, Harringay, London:
MY WIFE'S MOTHER—FIRST ADDITION TO FAMILY.

Mr. W. G. EARLE, 10, Wall Street, Ebbw Vale:
AT DONINGTON HALL—DOORWAYS WANT WIDENING SOON.

Mr. H. T. GROVER, 77, Upper North Street, Brighton:
WON'T COME OFF—"LID" TOMMY'S PUTTING ON.

Mr. A. L. MOORE, 190, Biddlestone Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
NO LAUGHING MATTER—OPEN LETTERS—FOR OTHERS.

Miss F. R. HUTT, 24, Butts, Coventry:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS—"CLEAR RING" FOR SPORTSMEN.

Mr. E. A. PRETHEROE, Great Ormesby, Gt. Yarmouth:
WAR SPOILS—MANY A "CHARMING PROSPECT."

Mr. S. CLARE, 119, Thornton Road, Rusholme, Manchester:
WHAT RUSSIA WANTS—HER "CRACKS" UNITED.

Mr. D. PATTERSON, care of Miller, 3, Hermitage Park, Leith:
WHEN HAIG STRIKES—"OCCASIONS" THE ENEMY FEAR.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. W. T. LAWRENCE, 5, Bailey's Terrace, Pentrepiod, Pontypool.
A BIT THICK—OUR BALKAN DIPLOMATS WERE.

Mr. O. L. TUNNICLIFFE, 1, Ashburne Road, Heaton Norris, Stockport.
DREAMING OF HOME—OUR COLONEL THINKS SUFFICIENT

Mrs. M. BROWN, 36, Ordish Street, Burton-on-Trent:
SHOCKING MISS—KEEPS ADMIRERS "IN DARK."

Miss M. LACEY, care of G.P.O., Wednesbury
THE BRITISH ARMY—MAKES ITS GAINS "FAST."

Mr. F. PRYCE, 50, Lewisham High Road, New Cross, London:
WHEN HAIG STRIKES—LAYS "FOUNDATION," THEN "FLOORS."

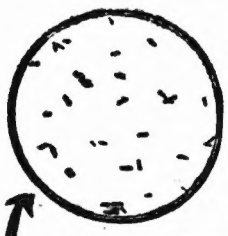
Mr. W. NUDIN, 2, Moor Lane, Mansfield, Notts:
WHEN PACIFISTS MEET—"SAVE GERMANY" THE TROUBLE.

Mr. J. BRUCE, 72, Pixmore Avenue, Letchworth, Herts:
WHEN GERMANY TUMBLES—HER "PRIDE" ALL GONE.

Mr. I. OWEN, 10, Osborne Street, Preston:
THE LITTLE ONES—ONLY, LEFT AMONG NEUTRALS.

Mr. A. RITCHIE, 28, South Street, Greenock:
WON'T COME OFF—"RUSSIAN BEAR'S" "COAT" APPARENTLY

MAURICE D. WHITE, care of Stanwell Hall, Staines:
BACK FROM THE TRENCHES—BOTTOMLEY—EVERYBODY "MISSED" HIM.



The Bacillus Influenzæ, which is responsible for all cases of Influenza —from a micro-photograph taken at our Runcorn Bacteriological Laboratories.

The Danger of INFECTION

Overheated and overcrowded rooms or workshops, exposure to cold, and mental and physical fatigue—each represent conditions which are favourable to attacks by the *Bacillus Influenzæ*.

Whenever these conditions are met the ill-effects of the germ attacks can be neutralised if one or two Evans' Pastilles are allowed to dissolve in the mouth when the danger threatens

EVANS' *Pastilles*

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

The unique antiseptic properties of Evans' Pastilles strengthen the vocal cords, allay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretion which may be present

Warning. *See the raised bar on each pastille. None are genuine without this mark.*

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or post free from the makers. 1/3 per tin

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, LTD.,
56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.
(W.1.)

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Frams, Cycles, Tyres, Linos, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

Chapped Hands, and Tender Chins from Shaving

absolutely avoided by early and regular use of

"LATHA-OIL"

1/- per bottle anywhere, or by post extra 3d. (U.K.). 6d. Front, from
THIRD HAND PATENTS, LIMITED.
4, Maddox Street, London, W.1

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

FRED BANNISTER, 55, Langdale Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester. September 29th, 1917. 102,782.

JOHN SMITH, 27, Elgin Terrace, Maida Vale, London, W.9. September 29th, 1917. 678,193.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 20th:—

014,573	384,108	682,477	974,799	1,416,015
030,022	431,214	699,328	1,036,175	1,458,917
068,198	455,687	761,898	1,061,498	1,503,396
072,157	479,351	803,923	1,129,640	1,562,248
120,673	516,798	835,513	1,175,824	1,589,852
145,222	528,073	847,677	1,243,940	1,621,445
163,453	553,277	886,296	1,284,955	7,675,518
229,295	582,139	922,235	1,300,348	1,704,040
246,453	610,300	957,369	1,342,315	1,715,639
337,508	664,003	961,784	1,390,017	1,720,195

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 31st).

£10 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Oct. 20, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 175,292 and 1,389,726. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be common to one of the beneficiaries, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised" nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

October 27, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Address of home .....

.....

October 27, 1917.

Loyal Throughout

Rameses Underwear is a purely British product, dependable in every way—whether in comfort, long service, or economy.

Rameses garments are made from durable yarns—they have flat seams—they are *made* to shape, not *stretched*. Rameses is moderate in price, and is better than foreign makes.

Be loyal to Britain—buy Rameses, made in Britain by British labour. You will always find your Rameses Underwear is loyal to *you*.

RAMESES

British-Made Underwear

Made for men and women, in several weights and sizes. See the Rameses Head Trade Mark on every garment.

Sold everywhere by All Leading Drapers and Stores.

Strengthen the Nerves

TO-DAY, when nerves are racked beyond endurance—when worry and over-work are taking a heavy toll—a tonic and strengthener is needed.

Nothing so surely meets the need—nothing so exactly helps—nothing is so permanent in the good it does—as Hall's Wine.

Countless numbers have been helped to strength and energy—let it help you as well. If you are worried or depressed—if you cannot sleep—if everything seems to go wrong, you must take Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

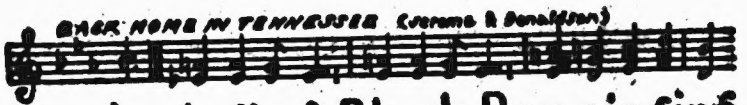
GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle, and we refund outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller, 2/9

Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c

STEPHEN SMITH and CO., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3

776



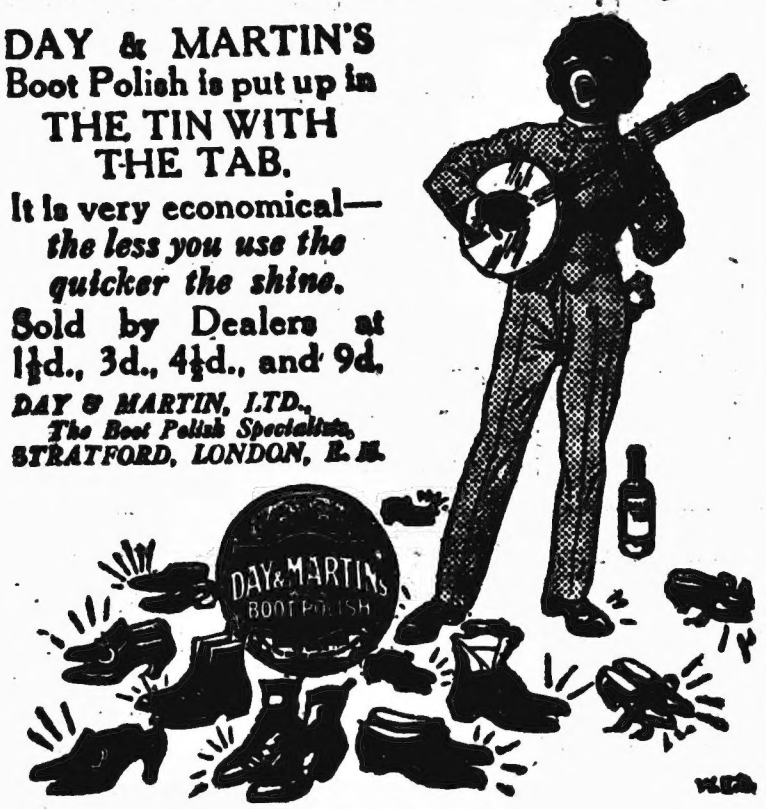
Banjo ringing Black Boy singing All the Boots are bright.

DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish is put up in THE TIN WITH THE TAB.

It is very economical—*the less you use the quicker the shine.*

Sold by Dealers at 1½d., 3d., 4½d., and 9d.

DAY & MARTIN, LTD., The Boot Polish Specialists, STRATFORD, LONDON, E.



MUSICAL SERIES No. 4

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but my lace is broken. I really must make a point of buying Hurculaces."

Hurculaces
GUARANTEED BRITISH MAKE

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

Well finished, closely plaited, solid and strong, the tags do not come off. Dyed in rich black or tan, which will not fade or become dingy; always smart, neat, and comfortable.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, LTD.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 85-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).